MAY 23
1944

NEW MASSES

15¢
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WHAT TO EXPECT FROM TEHERAN

An exchange of views between
EUGENE A. COX and EARL BROWDER

AMERICA'S POSTWAR FRONTIER

by Harold L. Ickes

DOMINION DILEMMAS

by R. Palme Dutt

THE GREEK TANGLE

by Demetrios Christophorides

SALUTE TO THE COMMUNISTS

by Joseph North

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE, IN our cubicles, weren't the only ones who lifted our voices the other day when the radio commentator rather breathlessly announced Martin Dies' decision to withdraw from the race for reelection. We were evidently, judging from the response of the United Steelworkers convention, Philip Murray and others, part of a nation-wide chorus of agreement that this was the best deed the Texan had ever done for his country. There was something less than restraint in condoling the Congressman on his poor health which prevented him from taking to the stump again this season. We, along with many others, had been following his fever chart, particularly since word came that the CIO Political Action Committee, the American Federation of Labor and other patriotic citizens in Dies' bailiwick had succeeded in achieving something like a twenty-five percent higher registration list for the elections than any previous time in history. We know how such factors are subversive to one's metabolism, particularly one of Congressman Dies' tender physique.

It is our guess that a few more men in Congress are going to succumb to political maladies as the people in multiplying numbers march to register for November. There has been no bulletin recently from Senator Nye's bedroom, for example, but we will hazard the opinion that he is not enjoying superlative health at this moment. And there will be others.

Indeed, the times are changing, and there is ample evidence that we are in for an epidemic of casualties among those who defy the political climate of America today. The sun of unity is shining hotter than the skies of Orange, Texas, and nobody can contend that Mr. Dies wasn't forewarned. Dr. Win-the-War of President Roosevelt's personal entourage had a fine prescription in his pharmacopeia but Mr. Dies saw fit to ignore it. And to other politicos of his *Weltanschauung* —a word to the wise. . . .

AMERICANS are coming to realize that the blight of anti-Communism creeps up against every believer in the people's good. And that blight operated, not only in Congress, but in the country's life generally. It permeated the attitudes toward ideas, as well as *men*. Truth—if smeared with red—became something less than truth.

We saw all this with painful clarity in regard to the publication of all sorts of indisputable facts. And with the removal of Martin Dies from the political scene, we dare say the range of truth-telling will take on rapid scope. It will be harder to apply sanctions against men who heed their conscience.

There will be hundreds of thousands, millions, who will not hesitate to assess certain truth and facts, now that Mr. Dies has seen the handwriting on the wall. We venture, further, to predict that the dissemination of the truth will be accelerated, and at a pace history demands.

Despite Martin Dies, we have seen this tendency operating in our own particular bailiwick. Thousands of new readers have been added in the past two years despite every libel levelled at us and at publications like ours. We predict that our readers, eager to put NM into many new hands, will find the going easier.

And we put that objective before you—our readers—as an immediate challenge. It was the diligence of men and women like yourselves—and the many millions who see eye to eye with you on the imperatives for victory that convinced Mr. Dies his health was poor. Now is the time to take full cognizance of your gain, and to drive on to extend it. To NM readers, we say that one way to commemorate the Texas Congressman's political malady is to spread the truth. And NM is one of its foremost carriers.

WE NEEDN'T labor that point. Proof is abundant. Listen to this letter—one of many we get nowadays—underscoring this contention. It comes from a corporal at Scott Field, Illinois, who writes:

"I'm enclosing two bucks toward that campaign fund of yours to keep NM in the running. I've been lucky enough to be next to a big enough city to get NM regularly during the past five weeks. Spivak's articles are sensational and don't think I haven't shown them to my buddies, I'm that proud of them Most of the guys had never seen a hard-hitting magazine of the NM type before, but as the saying goes—'Them days is gone forever.'

"It was that letter from the seaman in North Africa that got me and though I couldn't give twenty-five dollars (the wife has to eat) and payday is still eleven days off in the dim, dim horizon, the two dollars expresses my feelings in part.

"The service that Spivak is doing for the country to get rid of some of our home-grown fascist rats is alone worth the price of a couple of high-powered medium bombers. There isn't a guy working with me who has read the articles who isn't better off for the knowledge he's now got. Hell, if anyone should be aware of what value a mag like NM is to the homefront, we're the boys."

THAT'S a sample of what we're talking about. And while we're at it we want to say that our readers realized the magazine's urgent needs so clearly that they raised $7,500 of that immediate $8,000 we needed by May 15. Though we'll have to borrow that additional $500, still NM is grateful to the response of its readers. And now towards our annual quota of $40,000. $21,250 of it is now on hand. But more about that next week. J. N.

NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results. Vol. LI, No. 8.* Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 East Ninth Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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Entered as second-class matter, June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $5.00 a year in U. S. and Colonies nad Mexico. Six months $2.75; three months $1.50. Foreign, $6.00 a year; six months $3.25; three months $1.75. In Canada $6.00 a year, $3.50 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20c Canadian money. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

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* This is the correct number. The March 28, 1944 issue should have been numbered Vol. L, No. 13 instead of Vol. L, No. 12.

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NEW MASSES

VOL. LI MAY 23, 1944 NO. 8

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM TEHERAN

An exchange of views between Eugene A. Cox and Earl Browder

Lewiston, Idaho.

I AM sorry that, despite my great respect for Mr. Earl Browder, I cannot agree with the opinions expressed by him in his recent interview in *PM*.

It seems to me that Mr. Browder expects too much from the Teheran accord. That agreement would be a great achievement if it accomplished nothing more than collaboration in winning the war. But it is only an agreement between the heads of governments. It has no legal sanctions. Each government may interpret it in its own way. Any government may repudiate it. Governments change and change their minds. What would the Teheran agreement be worth if Dewey were elected President, or Roosevelt with an isolationist Senate?

If the ideals expressed in the Teheran agreement could be realized, Russia would profit tremendously, because she could then turn all her energies to the production of useful things. But it does not follow that the capitalist countries would profit equally. They might even be adversely affected. If an international force were organized for the preservation of peace, there would be no excuse for the maintenance of large national military establishments. The capitalist countries would then be faced with the necessity for finding more jobs for more men—already an insoluble problem.

Nor does the Teheran agreement solve any of the basic problems of capitalism, the falling rate of profit, monopoly, the concentration of wealth, the technological displacement of labor, the difficulty in servicing the huge postwar debts, the capacity to produce and inability to distribute abundance, etc. All these problems will become more acute after the war. Peace will not solve these problems. The world was at peace when our last collapse came.

Consider one matter, basic in Mr. Browder's estimate of the postwar situation, the industrialization of China, India, and the other backward countries. Who is going to pay for that program? Certainly the backward countries cannot pay for it. After our disastrous experience in that role, are we again to play Santa Claus for the world? If we do, what will happen to us and to the world when our credit is exhausted? The Treasury informs us that it is already being exhausted at the rate of eight billion dollars a month.

Mr. Browder seems to think that we can have prosperity and high employment under our monopolized system. I do not think so. I do not favor the destruction of monopolies. I do not think they can be destroyed without destroying the system, and they should not be destroyed because these organizations and the experience gained under them will be valuable assets for a socialist society.

But I do believe that monopoly is one of the main factors in the destruction of capitalism. Monopolies keep prices high, but they do so at the expense of destroying their own markets. Artificially high prices have the same effect as cuts in consumer buying power. Finally the system becomes so highly monopolized and mechanized that it is no longer able to distribute sufficient buying power to enable the consumers to buy enough of the monopolized products to keep the plant going. Then the government is compelled to take over the function of providing the consumers with buying power in order to save the system and keep its people from starving. Once that step is taken, both the national capitalism and the government are sunk. For thereafter the government can never retrench without bringing down the whole economic structure.

From November 1918, to the beginning of 1921 there was a brief period of genuine prosperity in which the farmers shared. Then in 1921 there was a short but deep depression, after which agriculture everywhere went to ruin. If we had barely twenty-six months of genuine prosperity after the last war, on what basis can we expect any long period of prosperity after this war? EUGENE COX.

DESPITE my great respect for Mr. Cox, I cannot agree with his evaluation of the Teheran concord.

Of course, nothing results automatically from this or any other agreement. If any of the three powers departs from that

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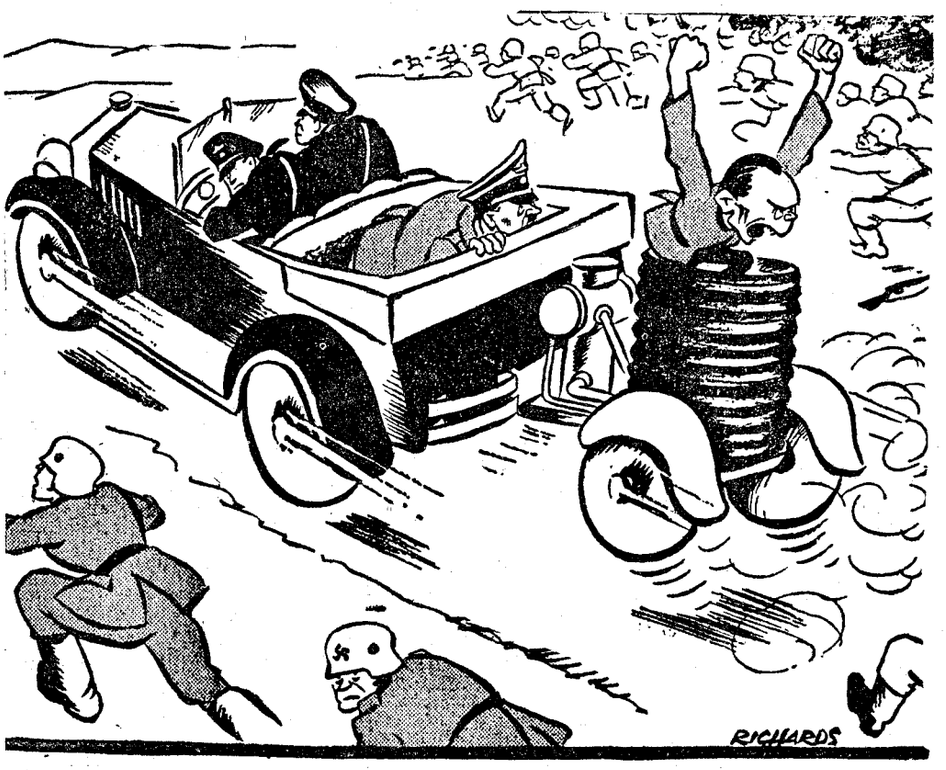

London Daily Worker

"Even if we lose the Ploesti oil, we can still run on gas."

agreement, then clearly we cannot reap its fruits. To the degree that it is realized slowly or incompletely, to that degree its benefits will be limited. But to say this is to say nothing about the proper evaluation of the policy of Teheran, which is a question of judging what would be the result if and when the concord is fulfilled, and the possibility of its fulfillment if all who want that result will fight for it.

It is a great mistake and, if Mr. Cox will pardon the expression, an example of doctrinaire thinking, to see the benefits of Teheran accruing only or primarily to the Soviet Union. As a matter of cold fact, the balance is somewhat on the opposite side. This is true because the Soviet Union, while it needs the Teheran concord, can survive with her present system intact even without it; but for Britain and the United States, there is no possibility of survival with their present systems without the policy of Teheran, but only of deep-going revolutionary crises.

It is true that Teheran does not resolve any of the inherent contradictions of capitalism. But it is not true that these problems become more acute after the war, since war is itself the most acute form of these contradictions, and they can never again become more acute than now except if and when they come to expression in World War III—which it is an aim of Teheran to prevent.

Mr. Cox wants to know who will pay for the industrialization of China, India, and the other backward countries. These countries will themselves pay for it when they are industrialized and no longer backward, that is, quite probably within a generation, if the program is pushed with sufficient energy. Which only means the necessity of long-term credits from Britain and America, whose most pressing economic necessity will be an opportunity to invest idle capital on long terms.

I am surprised to note that Mr. Cox echoes the reactionary warning against the United States in the role of "Santa Claus to the world." That is a complete falsification of the relationship actually existing between our economy and the potential markets. We need those markets to receive our goods much more pressingly than those other countries require our goods. That is true because, even if they do not receive our goods those countries will go along about as they have been for centuries; but if we do not open them up as big markets for our products, then we are doomed to a catastrophic collapse of our entire system. As a prominent director of the Royal Bank of Canada recently stated the problem, America can better afford to give away its goods free of charge to other nations than to allow its plants to stand idle.

I haven't the time now to go into a detailed discussion of the role of monopoly in this problem. Suffice it to point out to Mr. Cox that there is nothing automatic or pre-ordained about the time or the form in which capitalism will pass out of history as the dominant system. Neither is it an iron law that capitalism must undergo a major economic crisis every seven years; such crises are "inevitable" only so long as the conditions which Marx described in much detail are allowed to operate without modification. Furthermore, there exists the possibility of a long retention of the forms of traditional capitalism while a profound change goes on in its substance. This would be the case, for example, if the capitalist class would consciously take measures to prevent its accumulating profits from clogging up the channels of distribution. I am well aware that this cannot take place automatically, or as the result of accumulated decisions of a multitude of individual capitalists, but only as a result of national policy enforced by state power. But such extraordinary measures most obviously have been taken in the past, with considerable results, and will be taken on a larger scale in the future with bigger results. And equally obviously, our country will be educated to the necessity of such partial ameliorative measures long before an effective majority will have become convinced of the necessity of socialism; not so obviously, but probably, we will come to such measures in time to avoid a catastrophic economic collapse of the present system.

Mr. Cox points out that we had barely twenty-six months of prosperity after the last war. This is a very pertinent observation. I would carry it to the conclusion that if we repeat the stupidities of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era after the present war, we will probably have not more than a year of prosperity and that our major economic crash will come not ten years later but in three or four. But such an eventuality would be the result of failing to follow up the opportunities that have been opened by Teheran. The fact that catastrophe is inevitable if we drive off the the road and over the precipice is not an argument against trying the road, but rather the best possible reason to stick to the road at all costs.

It is not true that the proper role of Marxists is to sit on the side lines and prophesy disaster for capitalism, and then when disaster comes, to step in and pick up the pieces. On the contrary, it is much more correct to point out the road most easily acceptable to the people which will avoid the disaster; to explain clearly that it is possible to take that road, if the special interests that stand in the way will not place their short-sighted greed above national interest; and if and when disaster does come in spite of all efforts to avoid it, that the responsibility shall be placed beyond all question where it properly belongs, not upon the most progressive and farsighted persons who even foresaw the necessity of a new social system, but upon the Bourbons, the blind adherents of the old order, who learn nothing and forget nothing.

Let us hope that we will not have our Bourbons of the left to vie with the Bourbons of the right for the "honor" of hastening misfortunes upon America. We can well afford, for some time, to do without this "right-left" polarization of American politics.

EARL BROWDER.

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BAY STATE LOOKS TOWARD FDR

By JAMES GREEN

Boston, Mass.

THE presidential primaries recently concluded in Massachusetts brought results far transcending local importance. The peculiar thing is that some of those who *before* the Democratic primary asserted there would be a "real test" of "national significance" so far as a fourth term for President Roosevelt was concerned now declare the results to be "of no decisive significance." From this one can deduce the actual result: a decisive defeat for the anti-Roosevelt forces in the state Democratic Party, headed by former Governor Joseph B. Ely. A slate pledged to "Ely for President" has been entered in six of Massachusetts' fourteen congressional districts. In all but one instance the Ely slate was snowed under by a vote of from two to one all the way to ten to one. The one exception was in the 13th Congressional District, which includes the main cities of Quincy and Brockton, where the Ely slate won out.

Now what are some of the conclusions that can be drawn from these Democratic primaries in Massachusetts?

1. The people are not going to be fooled by the slogan of a "struggle against Communism," under which Ely conducted his campaign. Red-baiting attacks on President Roosevelt and his administration were the stock in trade of the Ely forces, and they went bankrupt with it. The law of attraction, of course, coalesced under Ely's banner every notorious pro-fascist and anti-Semitic element in the state. They were alive with venom and vocal with hatred.

2. The Ely group began their campaign early and worked until the last minute. They grasped, from their point of view, the national significance of this primary and worked in that light with every force at their disposal. They organized radio broadcasts, mailings, leaflet distributions, and newspaper advertisements. They were also favored with extensive newspaper publicity. In the face of this, the state committee of the Democratic Party, headed by William H. Burke, began late in the campaign, conducted it in a comparatively lackadaisical fashion, and engaged time for only a single radio broadcast during the course of the fight. The Political Action Committee of the CIO did just about as much: what was accomplished in the way of trade union activity was through the action of local unions in the congressional districts involved. In general, the official Democratic leaders, the leaders of labor's political action, and the progressives showed an alarming underestimation of the importance of these primaries, of their own ability decisively to influence the outcome, and of the real bedrock support among the workers, independents, and Democratic voters for President Roosevelt.

3. Early efforts by state Democratic Chairman Burke to work out a "compromise" with Ely and the openly anti-Roosevelt grouping only resulted in the latter's gaining positions of advantage, in their being encouraged to proceed with plans for a separate slate, and in blurring the sharp line of division which had already been drawn. Thus Ely was assured a seat at the national Democratic convention by being given a place on the official Democratic slate of delegates-at-large, which was unopposed. Several of Ely's henchmen similarly were given places on the official Democratic slate. This did not prevent them from appearing also on the anti-Roosevelt, "pledged to Ely" slate. Defeated on the latter, but elected on the official Democratic slate, these delegates were claimed as "won by Ely"!

4. Despite all the weaknesses revealed by the pro-Roosevelt forces and the consequent turnout of only a small fraction of the eligible voters, the Democratic primary results constituted an overwhelming rejection of the anti-fourth term challenge. For all the sound and fury of the Ely group, the primary results showed that there is a deep and unshakable conviction among the people that President Roosevelt must be reelected for a fourth term. It is especially noteworthy that in those wards and precincts where the pro-Roosevelt forces did organize an effective campaign to reach the Democratic and independent voters, the turnout was much greater and the Ely slate was utterly routed.

THERE were no results of any special significance in the Republican presidential primary, except for clear indications that with Willkie out of the race, the leaders of the party and many delegates lean towards Dewey. Whether the strong Willkie followers among the rank and file Republican voters will go along remains to be seen.

The lessons of the Massachusetts presidential primaries must be learned rapidly, for the congressional primaries, in which these lessons have to be applied, are immediately at hand. The congressional primaries have been advanced to July 11, and the battle lines are forming. The conclusion is inevitable that conditions are ripe here for a movement of the broadest nonpartisan character, basing itself on the requirements of victory and a durable peace, which will unite the citizens of Massachusetts for the elimination of defeatist and obstructionist Congressmen and for the reelection of President Roosevelt in November.

The Recapture of Sevastopol

This graveyard greeting us cannot reduce
the triumph. More than trembling ruins hail
us. Here is Sevastopol, that called no truce
besieged, but proudly clung to its travail
as though to a privilege.

Call back those brave
citizens! Who but they deserve the sight
of frenzied Nazis scurrying like night
at sunrise? Call them, raise them out of the grave!
Give them each a red bandanna to wave!
Bring bands of music—let their feet grow light
for dancing!

More than trembling ruins hail
us. This graveyard greeting us cannot reduce
the triumph. We ask those citizens for no excuse.
They are here; each one. They knew we could not fail.

AARON KRAMER.

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BOLD STEPS IN MINNESOTA

By MERIDEL LE SUEUR

"The mandate of the people of Minnesota in the fusion of the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party, is unmistakable. The outpouring of people in the cities and countryside, of both parties, expressed their will to merge their forces in one united political movement of the people, based upon a program calling for a quick, decisive victory in this war for freedom of all the peoples of the world, international cooperation among nations to establish and maintain a just peace, and the enactment of the economic Bill of Rights to secure prosperity and security for every American.

"The party that emerges from the fusion should be one that the farmers of Minnesota can look to as the protector of their interests; it should be one that labor will recognize as its own political instrument; it should be one that business and professional men throughout the state can support and join with the confidence that their interests will be best promoted by so doing. It should be a broad win-the-war, win-the-peace party that will truly represent the people of the state."—John Jacobsen, Regional Director, CIO Political Action Committee in CIO paper, "Minnesota Labor."

Minneapolis.

THE recent merger of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota—for a quarter of a century a name to reckon with—and the Democratic Party, under the name of Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party, marked an important effort to discard partisan interests and unite all anti-fascist forces behind President Roosevelt and the policies he represents.

When the Farmer-Laborites, after many hours of deliberation, of ironing out legal entanglements, old and traditional prejudices and schisms, walked as a body, by invitation, into the Democratic convention, a new and dramatic venture had begun. This is a bold, unprecedented alignment. It has taken courage, patience, a thousand meetings on farms, in small towns, the cities. Who says unity is easy? War is not easy. Sitting in convention, seeing history made again, were old-timers from the IWW, the Non-partisan League, the old Socialist Party, the Farmers' Alliance of the nineties and those who saw the last great merger, forty-eight years ago, of the People's Party with the Democratic Party of Bryan. Behind the successful fusion lay days and months of debate in the unions, in the Democratic clubs, in all the congressional districts of the state; the successful squelching of incessant sniping by Republicans, America Firsters, and the boosters of Lieutenant Commander Harold Stassen, former Minnesota governor. But so great was the evidence of popular support of the merger at the precinct caucuses and pre-convention meetings, as well as at the dual conventions themselves out of which the merger came, that M. H. Halloran, political commentator for the Republican Minneapolis *Star Journal*, said: "The amalgamation was the fruit of months of negotiation between leaders of the two parties, who concluded that only by pooling their forces could the two minority parties hope to make headway against the common opponent, the Republican Party. They were encouraged and aided in their efforts by organized labor, and it was notable that the CIO and AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods leaders were prominent in the two conventions, and that they were well represented on the delegation elected to the national Democratic convention at Chicago, July 19."

From the Mexican magazine "Futuro"

THE two conventions opened on the same day in Minneapolis, only a few blocks apart, and continued for three days. They were not free of old struggles that reflected remnants in both parties of die-hard partisanship. Yet despite all obstacles, the two parties hammered out unity on program and candidates. One of those who played an outstanding role in carrying through the merger was former Governor Elmer Benson, president of the Farmer-Labor Association. On the opening day the Democratic convention presented a proposed constitution to the joint committee, which was made up of nine members from each party. Sitting in with them and playing an indispensable part was Oscar Ewing, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. A difference arose over the fact that the proposed constitution was believed by some to perpetuate the old form of organization of the Democratic Party without sufficient representation of the Farmer-Labor group. It was also felt that the proposed constitution tended to give too much control to the chairman of the new organization and that this would restrict the growth of the combined party, preventing it from developing into the broadest union of the people's forces of the state.

Amendments were proposed which provided that by June 15 new county conventions should be held in the state, based on precinct caucuses, where each county leadership was to be elected by the new united party. On the basis of these county conventions a stronger representative vote would be organized for the state central committee, as well as for the state executive committee, which when elected would direct the coming election campaign. The caucuses would, furthermore, become the basis for broadening the new unity forged by the merger. These proposals were unanimously agreed upon by the joint committee and were accepted by both conventions in separate meetings. The Farmer-Labor Party discarded its name and for legal reasons adopted the title Fellowship Party. The Democrats then made the merger an actuality by picking up the abandoned Farmer-Labor name and uniting it with their own to form the Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party. They elected the following as officers of the joint party: chairman, Elmer Kelm, Democrat; vice-chairman Charles Egley, Farmer-Labor; vice-chairwoman, Mrs. Marian Le Sueur, Farmer-Labor; treasurer, E. D. Garret,

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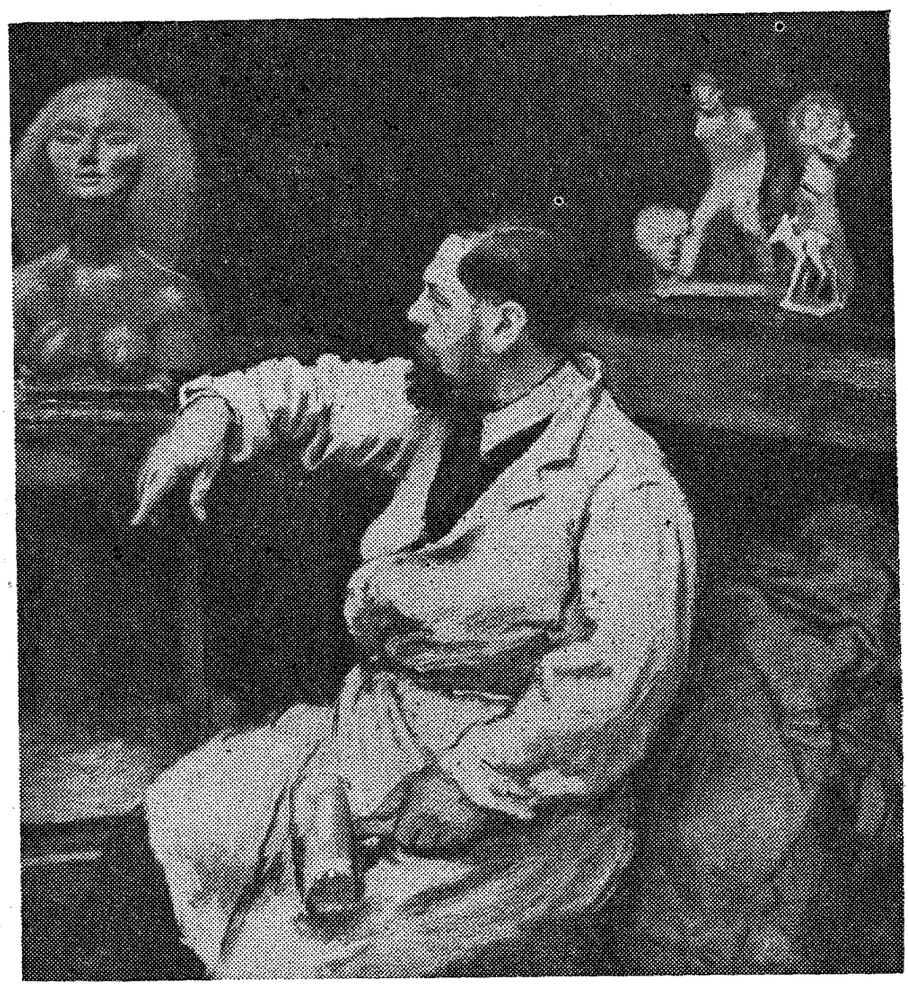
Democrat; secretary, Paul R. Tinge, Farmer-Labor. Fifteen Farmer-Laborites and fifteen Democrats were named delegates to the Democratic national convention.

In the contest for the nomination for governor a dark horse emerged—Byron G. Allen, upstate farmer, formerly from Iowa and a friend of Vice-President Henry Wallace (who, incidentally, sent greetings to the joint party). His running mates will be Paul R. Tinge, milk driver and an official of an AFL union, lieutenant governor; David Erickson, a lawyer, attorney general; Miss Emily Kneubuhl, secretary of state; A. H. Kleffman, state treasurer; Arthur Cosgrove and Mrs. Viena Johnson, former editor of the Farmer-Labor *Leader*, railroad and warehouse commissioners. Congressional candidates were also chosen. The new party voted to endorse President Roosevelt and Vice-President Wallace for reelection.

Of Byron Allen columnist Halloran wrote in the Minneapolis *Star Journal* that "if he comes through the primaries unscathed he will put up a real argument against Republican Governor Thye." As evidence of the genuine unity achieved is this comment in an editorial by an old-time Farmer-Laborite who had opposed the merger, Victor Lawson, editor of the Willmar, Minn., *Tribune*: "With a progressive farmer from western Minnesota heading the ticket, a trusted and able labor man and a slate of truly progressive people filling its ticket, the new Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota will now function before the primary with good auspices to make a winning campaign for a fourth term for President Roosevelt in the state."

The merger promises to become an important vehicle for bringing the labor movement into the Democratic Party and for bringing the party closer to labor's viewpoint on the issues of the war and the peace. Already in the three major cities of the state the merger has helped further joint or parallel action by the three wings of the labor movement. On the range, in Duluth, sixty delegates of the AFL, the Railroad Brotherhoods and the CIO took steps for a registration drive among the voters, and a permanent political action committee was set up including all three organizations. The CIO has begun the first in-plant registration in the city, agreed to by steel plant management. In Crosby, on the Cuyuna Range, reactionary bailiwick of reactionary Congressman Knutson, in the Ironton Village hall, three hundred miners and their families, despite a cold drizzly night, attended a CIO political rally in the heart of the steel empire and called for the election of Roosevelt.

In St. Paul, labor reelected Mayor MacDonough, a leading Democrat and delegate to the Democratic national convention, who was a member of the unity committee that helped bring about the merger. A city-wide meeting of the CIO to set up ward and precinct captains to cooperate with the forces of the new party is being held this month, under the auspices of the CIO Political Action coordinating committee. The St. Paul *Union Advocate*, which in line with the national AFL taboo on participation in political organizations did not endorse the merger, has come out in support of the fusion candidate for Congress, Frank Starkey.



"Adolph Wolfe," by Raphael Soyer

From the collection of Dr. Loerber

IN MINNEAPOLIS the Hennepin County CIO Council has selected a committee of seven to work with an equal number from the AFL and the Railroad Brotherhoods.

Naturally it won't all be smooth sailing for the new party. The forces of reaction are powerfully entrenched and they wear various masks. The role of ex-Governor Stassen, who at one time was close to the Willkie wing of the Republican Party, is becoming more and more dubious. Drew Pearson, in discussing in a recent *Washington Merry-Go-Round* column the Wisconsin primaries, wrote: "Stassen, though keeping aloof on the surface, actually seems to be coordinating carefully with Dewey against Willkie. . . . The political grapevine also has it that Pennsylvania's Boss Pew secretly backed Stassen and maneuvered so that he would take votes away from Willkie. A powerful lot of money went into Wisconsin during the last three days of the campaign and most of it was placed behind Dewey and Stassen."

The influence of the Wisconsin Progressive Party, which under the leadership of Sen. Robert LaFollette, Jr., has taken the path of aggressive defeatism and war against the Roosevelt administration, is also felt in Minnesota. The Trotskyites have their stronghold in Minneapolis and here, as in Michigan, they are crusading for a third party to split the progressive vote. Coughlinites and renegade Farmer-Laborites also sing their parts in the reactionary chorus. Yet the new Democrat-Farmer-Labor Party, despite all difficulties that face it, is a sign of the growing strength and unity of the people of this state. New problems demand new solutions, new ways of working together, in Minnesota as in other parts of the world. Minnesota's third party has departed; in its place has come Minnesota's *first* party against fascism.

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HISTORY'S BRIGADIERS

SOMEHOW it is my conviction that history, the sagest muse of them all, doesn't learn all she knows from the newspapers. No headline mentality hers. I would never suspect her of keeping any appointments with Westbrook Pegler or George E. Sokolsky and I often wonder what she secretly thinks of the New York *Times* editorial page. It is my belief that when she ponders the mysteries of contemporary life, Clio, the canny muse, hies herself to original sources and I believe we will be encountering her in the next few days, a fraternal delegate to the twenty-fifth anniversary convention of the Communist Party. In fact, she may even be one of the two hundred and thirty-nine accredited delegates; certainly she will take her seat among the six hundred and fifty invited guests —perhaps even among the twenty-five pioneers who were among the Party's founders and who will be on hand as it rounds out its first quarter century.

Twenty-five years! It was not my good fortune to know the founders of this American Party; we didn't hear much about it in the grade schools and the little we did hear was, on retrospect, short of accuracy. I encountered the Communists sometime shortly after Hoover took the helm. I wondered about them in those mad days when ambitious young men, and some of their elders, were blowing their brains out around the ticker-tape in the last months of '29. I thought more about them in the raw times of 1930 and '31 during the Hunger Marches when I walked with the gaunt men through a bleak America where I saw horses drawing Model T Fords throughout the Ohio countryside. I believe it was somewhere around '31 or so that I ran into a stocky, World War vet in the Unemployed Councils by the name of Pete Cacchione; later on a few years, when the Georgia authorities during the reign of red-gallused Gene Talmadge sought to rig up an ancient insurrection law against Communists who pleaded for relief from hunger for the populace, I encountered a young Negro lawyer by the name of Benjamin Davis, Jr. I remember all too keenly the calumny I read whenever the names of Cacchione and Davis turned up in the press of the thirties. Today, these two young men are the New York councilmen who will be co-chairmen at the public session of their Party's convention in Madison Square Garden, next Tuesday evening when Earl Browder presents the report on the findings of his associates.

Somehow I keep thinking of Councilmen Cacchione and Davis when I think of their Party's convention. In addition to all else these men are symbols to me: symbols of their Party in an America that is rapidly becoming aware of new imperatives and simultaneously recapturing the soundest of the old. I knew these two men when . . . when they were just two more Americans, one from Beaver, Pa., and the other from Atlanta, Ga., one, the son of Italian immigrants, the other the son of an old Georgia family that happened to be Negro, and Ben's father was a national committeeman of the Republican Party. One, a graduate of the school of hard-knocks and the other a football star at Amherst who took a post-graduate course in Cacchione's college as a Negro professional in the South. They were just two more young fellows, close to my age, and today they are councilmen of the world's greatest city.

Yes, these men are symbols indeed of a changing America, an America that is discarding the old shibboleths and demands furiously that she be permitted to figure things out for herself. Clio has been quietly doing her stint, as she is wont, and Councilmen Cacchione and Davis are her handiwork. These men are prominent among those multiplying factors in our native land altering the connotations of the word "politics."

I REMEMBER, back in the late twenties, what that word meant to me. In my native, rock-ribbed Republican community in Pennsylvania it meant Boies Penrose, and it took years for me to dissociate "politics" from my mental picture of his vest pocket. When I met the Communists I discovered men and women who supplied different connotations to the old, wronged word. Politics came to mean an instrument of the people, and I discovered honest men and women who were willing to live and die for their concept of politics. Through them, and through the writings of Earl Browder, I came to understand what Tom Paine meant and what Jefferson fought for. And I discovered the key to their uncanny habit of calling history's turn more accurately than any of their contemporaries —and simultaneously why their program was more apt to help history turn in the direction that benefited the people and the nation. The word "Marxism" took on bones and flesh, and when Mr. Browder said last January, "I think we must emphasize more than ever the tremendous value of the classics of Marxism in arming ourselves to meet and solve the new and unprecedented problems," I believe I understood his meaning. And further, when he declared that Marxism never was a series of dogmas or formulas, that it is "a theory of deeds, not of don'ts," that too was clear. Truly, these men and women who will attend the Party's convention are flesh-and-blood symbols of the fact that Marxism is a "positive, dynamic, creative force." I know many of them and I realize what Browder meant when he said that "we have demonstrated the highest stage of maturity that our Party has ever reached."

THIS week-end they will be here, in convention, to meet the challenge of history's greatest time. An era no sage had predicted. They come to deliberate the best means of welding an unshatterable national unity and its concomitant, a staunch coalition of United Nations. They will discuss that course which assures quickened victory in the war, and victory at November's polls: they will seek to guarantee an enduring peace.

They gather on the eve of that greatest of all military endeavors—the cross-channel invasion of the Fortress Europa. Many of their sons will not be there—they will be in the foxholes of Italy and in the Pacific Isles. Perhaps, by the time this reaches print, they will be storming the beaches of France. Some will never come home to participate in the deliberations: they will have cast their votes with machine-guns, like "Hank" Forbes, former Communist leader in New York and Pittsburgh. But present at Madison Square Garden next Tuesday evening will be another symbol of the Communists—Bob Thompson, veteran of Spain and of Buna and holder of the Distinguished Service Cross.

Yes, Clio will be in good company; and I don't think she will be in the press box. I think she will be sitting up there on the platform.

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AMERICA'S POSTWAR FRONTIER

By HAROLD L. ICKES

The following are portions of an address by Secretary of the Interior Ickes, delivered at the Commonwealth Club, San Francisco, April 14.

IN A period of three years you have telescoped a material growth which, normally, would require a decade. The war has advanced your industrial consciousness—as your governor told this club in January—by a full twenty years. The civilian population in six western states has jumped more than ten percent; in California alone it has increased by nearly one-seventh. Industrial employment has chiefly caused this groundswell. The number of industrial employes in your state rose by two-thirds, or by more than 900,000.

In this expanding of your economy, you have sustained also a disturbance of your customary ways and of your old balances. This is another way of saying that in the West, the dislocations caused by war are particularly conspicuous. As people have transferred to war industries along this coast many rural areas have declined in population. The state of Idaho has lost thirteen percent of its people. The population of Contra Costa County, at the other extreme, has increased by 114 percent. The center of gravity within industry itself has shifted. The mines of California employ fewer people today than three years ago. Manufacturing has increased its workers by nearly threefold.

This twisting and straining of your economy means real dangers in the years that lie ahead. In its measurement of the severity of the problems of demobilization, the Bureau of Labor Statistics places close to the top two of the three states on the West Coast. For the entire country the number of persons to be released from both the armed forces and the war industries is equal to thirty-two percent of the number of persons who were employed in 1940. In California, the dislocation due to demobilization is estimated at forty-two percent of the total number of persons employed in 1940. In the last depression your Unemployment Commission reported the number in *California alone* of unemployed persons "able and willing to work" at 700,000, or twenty-eight percent of the total gainful workers. Last May, the National Resources Board reported that under adverse conditions, "more than a *million* persons might be unemployed in your state in the postwar."

There are those who regard the return of millions of young Americans to the peaceful pursuits of industry and agriculture as a fearful threat to their own security and prosperity. But such fears are not worthy of America. They are the stuff of which defeat and destruction are born. On fears you build a Festung Europa. On fears you fortify a fragile Maginot Line. Fears paralyze.

If, fearing, we cannot move forward, neither shall we avoid postwar unemployment, bankruptcy and business chaos by the mere repetition of fine phrases like "individual initiative" and "the American way," nor even by the spending of millions of the taxpayers' dollars by the Absolutely American Machine Company for advertisements extolling the undoubted virtues of free enterprise. Most certainly, we will not reestablish in this country even a tolerable way of life by refusing to plan for postwar America. We will secure compensation for this terrible blood-letting only if we insist upon specific, sensible plans, and even then only if we proceed with high courage and integrity to give life to those plans.

We must reconvert our economy to one in which the small and medium-sized businessman, the farmer and the ordinary worker will have a genuine stake and a real opportunity. The thousands of people who have moved to this region to do essential war work will not vanish like the smoke over battlefields when peace comes. The millions who will return from the battlefronts will possess more reality than Banquo's ghost. Nor will we be able to satisfy these Americans by doles—whether they be called demobilization pay, subsistence allotments, or bonuses. What these fine American citizens will want, what they will demand and what they will get, one way or another, sooner or later, are jobs—good, hard, productive, satisfying, self-respecting jobs.

If these people are jobless, what is going to happen to you—to your business and your manner of living?

Maxwell Gordon

If the aftermath of this war shall be despair and want and poverty and darkness, it will be because the American people and their representatives in government had little faith and flatulent courage. It will be because the vicious philosophy of low production and high prices—the economy of scarcity, the code of monopoly—has caught this nation in a pincers movement that is strangling it to death.

A POSTWAR America that will provide jobs for all and assure decent profits for productive business can be built on these principles: First, there must be worldwide political and economic stability based upon the Atlantic Charter. The level of living throughout the world must be raised. The nations of the world must have an equitable access to the world's raw materials. The underdeveloped nations must become productive members of the world community. Second, the United States must supply what it is best able to produce to satisfy the needs of the world. And it must buy liberally from other nations what they are best able to supply. Third, the purchasing power of Americans must be maintained at a high level. This means full, productive employment, with public works, when necessary, supplementing private industry. The farmer must be assured his rightful place in the national economy. Without purchasing power, business cannot survive, let alone prosper. Fourth, private cartels and monopolies must be eliminated. A super-government by cartels and monopolies means low production and high prices. It is the deadly enemy of internal security and of international peace and stability. It is the very antithesis of an economy in which there is full employment and a rising standard of living. It makes a mockery of individual initiative and gives the lie to free enterprise. . . .

After the last war, some of the plants which were owned by the government were sold to the highest bidder at a fraction of their cost, some were retained for military purposes, and many were abandoned. There was no plan—no real effort to convert a huge government investment into useful assets of peace. Our plant investment now makes that of the last war look like a peanut stand. Are we going merely to abandon it or to sell it to the highest bidder at a fraction of cost or are we going to see to it that this tremendous productive potential is used to further the development of the American system of private enterprise?

I see not so much a problem to be solved

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as an opportunity to be embraced. Such a vast accretion of wealth ought to be regarded as a blessing rather than a curse. Certainly its future ought not to be one of decay or destruction. If we dispose of the plants to the highest bidders, how many of them will be bought by existing monopolies for the purpose of halting their competitive production?

If these plants are merely turned over to be quietly throttled in the interest of an economy of scarcity—scarce production, scarce opportunities and few jobs—we can confidently look forward to postwar chaos. On the other hand, continued government ownership and operation would be a negative answer. Some other way, in my opinion, must be found which would avoid the death grip of monopoly and give vitality to the American principle of real free enterprise. We must make sure that the ownership and control of these plants come to rest in the hands of those who are interested in their continued, full operation, and have hopes of a rejuvenated and even more vigorous America.

I know of no better way to accomplish this than to vest the ownership and control of these government plants in the men and women who have served in our armed forces. These are the people who, we can be sure, will be interested in maximum production and maximum employment. Giving to each of them a share in the ownership and control of a giant segment of American industry would amount to giving them a stake in the future of the democratic economy of America which they are fighting to preserve. This would be a revised edition of the Homestead Acts and of the land provisions of the Reclamation Law. It would amount to giving these ten million young people shares of stock in the America for which they have risked their lives. It would be the most appropriate and the most beneficial form of a bonus payment to them. The pride of a personal interest in American enterprise would result in an uplifting of morale that would be of inestimable value to the nation and to the world.

It is my thought that if this proposal were adopted, the enterprise would enjoy no privileges which are not the equal right of every other corporation. Perhaps the first directors would have to be appointed by the government. Beyond that there should be no special relation between the government and the enterprise. It would be a free undertaking within the framework and geared to the objectives of private enterprise. . . .

UNFORTUNATELY, vigilance and effort [in the preservation of economic freedom] have too often been exercised by the few who are economically powerful and who slip their lackeys in public office. The disgraceful history of the handling of Hetch Hetchy power should place a new ugly verb in the lexicon of political chicanery: to "Hetch Hetchy" means "to confuse and confound the public by adroit acts and deceptive words in order to turn to private corporate profit a trust set up for the people." I need not repeat the scandalous story that has given birth to this new verb, but I would remind you that the last chapter of it has not been written. The pledge that the people of San Francisco, with full knowledge, made to their government has not yet been redeemed.

The same interests that plotted and connived to get control of the hydroelectric power of this city have recently sought to "Hetch Hetchy" the great Central Valley project, with, as before, the dark-room help of officials whom the people thought that they were electing to protect the public interest. "Hetch Hetchying" in the traditional manner, an effort was made to deny Shasta power to any consumer except the Pacific Gas and Electric Company by defeating the effort of my Department to obtain funds to build a vital link in the transmission lines needed to carry that power to the people who own it. Fortunately, it was discovered that funds were legally available from past appropriations so that the Shasta-Oroville Line is today nearing completion—a line built by the people to carry hydroelectric power of the people—not power generated by the people to go to market over a line built and owned by a private monopoly.

You will recall that in 1933, over the signatures of three of your State Senators and an Assemblyman, your voters' handbook carried this argument for the Central Valley Project: "Chief opposition to this project comes from one source—the power trust! Do not be deceived on that score. Admitted representatives of the power companies did their utmost to defeat this recovery program in the Legislature and they now seek to defeat it on the ballot. You will be flooded with propaganda against this measure—propaganda issued by the power companies with your money! But the issue is clear-cut. This act will help your state. It will reduce your power rates. It is vital to every laboring man, every farmer, every businessman." With these warnings ringing in your ears you went to the polls and you voted for low-cost public power.

The people of California must decide for themselves whether the expenditure of 145 millions of dollars at Shasta and Keswick Dams (out of an estimated ultimate investment of 316 millions of dollars in Central Valley) is to be for their own financial benefit through the sale of cheap power or whether at their instance this dam was built at public expense in order to earn a private profit for PGE. The power of decision lies with you, but if you go to sleep on your rights you may awake to find that it has shifted. One may respect the business acumen of PGE even while wondering about its methods and questioning its eagerness to reap where it has not sowed; its willingness to trick and deceive the people. And while you should always keep an alert eye upon the PGE you must not forget to be watchful also as to certain of your public officials, local, state and especially some in Congress. It was surreptitious maneuvering that put over the fast "Hetch Hetchy" deal and you almost lost the government-built Shasta-Oroville Line. I hope that you will not mind my suggesting that you ought to organize to protect your interests in Central Valley, a project that, as Public Works Administrator, I would not have considered for a minute if it had been suggested to me that the people of California would permit their cheap power to be given away to the PGE.

DO NOT let yourself be deceived by those who assert that public distribution of this power would be an assault upon private enterprise. On the contrary, it can be the means by which the life blood of private enterprise can be provided. In every area where low-cost public power is available—the Tennessee Valley, the Pacific Northwest—it has resulted in a spectacular development of private enterprise. Go and look at the mines and the factories of your neighbors to the north and see the tremendous impulse that cheap power from Grand Coulee and Bonneville has given already to industry there. This growth has taken place in the face of the direct predictions that the dams would be useless monuments in a wilderness to Washington folly. Don't try to tell, or permit others to tell, your returning soldiers; your workers at the ship and airplane factories who will face unemployment; your farmers who pump water to irrigate their land; your men with initiative, ideas, and small capital, who want to do business here but who face competition from the low cost power of the Northwest; your housewives who watch your power bills—don't try to tell any of these that *higher cost private* power is the reservoir of private free enterprise. They won't believe you. They will demand that their power from their mountain waters, impounded by their dams, shall flow directly, and without private tribute, to them.

Demobilization Day will bring back to you most of the half-million men and women that California has sent into the armed forces. It will leave you with shrunken war industries. But it will find you with new resources to meet your future. It will find you with new frontiers of industry, with abundant, low cost power, with plants and with managerial and labor skills. The land will provide security for many. Fabricate products of magnesium and special steel alloys with your cheap public power. Keep those industries whose heaviest manufacturing cost is electricity here in the West.

When the conservationists of the West held their International Irrigation Congress in California in 1893, they opened hope-

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fully with these words: "This assembly will have a place in the history of human progress. We meet not merely to extend our country's frontiers, but to widen the boundaries of civilization itself. The seed which we shall plant in the arid soil of the desert will bear the flower of industrial independence for millions of the freest men who ever walked the earth."

I refuse to believe that the vision of the fathers has not descended upon their sons. Let us fight the men of no vision, the men who would have us retrace the tragic land patterns of the past. Let us fight the men of no foresight, who, knowing that after other wars we have given land to the returning soldiers under conditions where only a few of them could succeed, are nevertheless willing to repeat old mistakes. Let us fight the men of no hope, who fear that the enemies of freedom and opportunity have already won all of the battles, and who therefore abjectly offer their souls and their future to those enemies. Let us fight the men of no faith, who hold that it does not matter what we do with our national opportunities because the people cannot be trusted to utilize them. Let us fight the men of greed who are not willing to take a fair price for their land from those who offered their lives abroad, who do not wish to share the opportunity to work and live, but who want to wring the last miserable penny from the soldier returning from the battlefield where he fought to save us and our possessions.

Let us fight the curses of hopelessness, shortsightedness and greed — along the beaches, on the countryside, in the cities, from street to street and house to house, with the weapons of freedom, opportunity, hope and destiny.

"Cyanide Beauty"

THE name of General Heissmeyer does not appear in the communiques of the German High Command. He is not even well known to the average German citizen. Among the members of the Nazi party there are many who have heard of him only casually. Still, he is one of the "pillars" of the Nazi regime, belonging to the inner circle of most trusted Hitler followers. The latest news about Heissmeyer came a few months ago. An inconspicuous note in the *Voelkischer Beobachter* said that *Der Fuehrer* had conferred special powers on General Heissmeyer of the Elite Guard, president of the Special SS Court. The Special Court of the SS (Elite Guard) has a sinister history. It is the Gestapo of the Gestapo, an instrument for investigation and purge within the Nazi party and its elite formations. It was this court which dealt out the death sentences even before Hitler seized power in Germany. In the 1934 blood purge, the Special SS Court again played an important role. The announcement that special powers have been conferred upon the president of this court indicates that Hitler expects trouble within the ranks of the party as a result of so many military defeats on land.

Heissmeyer is a key figure in the war Hitler is making on the home front in order to forestall such a breakdown as occurred in 1918.

Some time ago American Coast Guardsmen arrested a number of German saboteurs and spies landed from U-Boats. They were part of a Nazi project in which Heissmeyer had a hand. All the saboteurs confessed that they had been trained at a special Gestapo school, a type of Nazi activity about which little is known. Its secrets are well guarded in a big building at Berlin-Grunewald, Koenigsallee 11, the headquarters of the so-called *Deutsche Heimschulen*. These schools for espionage and sabotage, together with the *Ordensburgen* where candidates for higher Elite Guard leadership are trained in severe seclusion, are all under Heissmeyer's supervision. In 1940 Heissmeyer, in a speech to party veterans, confessed that "the national political schools of the Nazi party disclose nothing about their program or progress. We are carrying on our education work for a hard and tough life. We educate the elite of German young men to obedience, discipline, disdain of death, and that wholesome cruelty which makes warriors."

HEISSMEYER is an old acquaintance of Hitler's. He was an officer in the first World War and afterwards joined one of the Free Corps, those reactionary troops who fought German democrats and trade unionists. Heissmeyer quickly distinguished himself by killing "traitors to the Nazi movement" and organizing assassinations of German labor leaders. In 1922 he joined the Hitler party and at once found a place for himself in the party's secret service. He worked for a time as a miner in Westphalia, spying on trade unions and organizing a number of attempts on the lives of mine union executives. He was of great help to Hitler in his fight against various party oppositionists (Stinnes, Gregor Strasser, Otto Strasser, etc.). The murderers of Rathenau, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, were his intimate friends.

After Hitler's ascent to power Heissmeyer was active in the Gestapo. He purged Roehm's friends in Saxony in 1934. The Saxon Prime Minister of that time, Baron Manfred von Killinger, escaped extermination only by sheer accident. Later on, Killinger succeeded in obtaining a pardon from Hitler and was sent on conspiratorial missions to America and to Rumania.

Heissmeyer in 1936 organized the Gestapo's first sabotage and spy instruction center. By 1942 there were thirty-five of these schools. He also devised the plan of the *Volkssicherheitsdienst*—the gigantic spy network in which practically every German citizen was to participate, reporting every few weeks to the proper authorities what he had observed in his neighborhood, in his family and workshop.

Heissmeyer's fingers reach into the army, too. His men released the bullet which killed Colonel-General von Fritsch at a reconnaissance post near Warsaw in 1939, and thus removed one of the most dangerous potential heads of a "generals' rebellion" at that time. His men were with Field Marshal von Reichenau a few minutes before that officer suddenly succumbed to a heart stroke. It is not by chance that Heissmeyer got the name "Cyanide beauty" in officers' circles.

"Cyanide beauty" now prepares to meet the mounting despair and the increasing opposition inside Festung Europa with the most cruel and ruthless measures.

Heissmeyer's appointment, together with that of Goebbels as President of Berlin with special powers, shows that the Nazi regime is willing to make good the words of Himmler that "before we go, a deluge of blood may drown the earth." But these appointments also show the rising desperation of the Nazi chieftains themselves.

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THE GREEK TANGLE

By DEMETRIOS CHRISTOPHORIDES

WHATEVER happens in Greek affairs in the near future these developments will not be understood unless their roots are traced back to 1935. In that year the Greek king, George II, was returned to Greece after twelve years in exile. His resumption of the throne was assisted by British tories in order to check the rise of democratic movements. It was also part of a plan by which Chamberlain schemers sought collaboration with the Germans to form an anti-Soviet bloc in eastern and southern Europe. The Greek parliament was abolished by royal decree in 1936. And the King George-Metaxas dictatorship which ruled the country was as ruthless and methodical as Hitler's and Mussolini's.

In October 1940 Italy attacked Greece. Most of Europe was falling under Hitler's heel, and the idea of German invincibility spread throughout the Greek government. There is even evidence that the advance units of the Greek Army guarding the Greek-Albanian border were instructed to avoid battle with the enemy. But the Greek units ignored these instructions from Athens, furiously counterattacked, and thwarted whatever conspiracies were on foot to surrender. The Greek people had declared war on fascist Italy by disregarding the defeatist government.

The country was almost unarmed; sheer heroism and a will to win determined the initial stages of the Greek-Italian war in favor of Greece. Then the Nazi onslaught came. To say that King George decided to fight the Germans and to flee the country when resistance became impossible is to oversimplify things. The majority of the top officers in the army favored surrender; the majority of officers of the lower ranks favored resistance. The king wavered. The pro-German officers and politicians, among whom were General Cholagoglou and War Minister Papademas, surrendered the northwestern armies to the enemy. East Macedonia and the area of Olympus fought on, but it was too late to save anything.

At the last minute the commanding officers, both of the army and navy, decided to lay down their arms. Soldiers and sailors were urged to go home because "their job was finished." The British, however, anxious to salvage at least the legal remnant of the government, succeeded in transporting the king to Crete and then to Egypt. Less boldness on the part of the English might easily have led the king to the headquarters of the German High Command.

With the exception of the old liberal, E. J. Tsouderos, who was appointed Prime Minister at the last moment, and some other minor officials, the king, in the first stage of his "reign-in-exile" was surrounded by open fascists such as Vice-Admiral Sakellariou, George Maniadakis, the Greek Himmler, and Th. Nicoloudis, the Greek Goebbels. King George's general staff also consisted of vicious anti-democratic elements. As for the Greek navy, it was saved and brought to Egypt by the sailors, a few of the high ranking officers and a substantial number of petty officers.

AT THIS point begin the developments which brought about the present crisis in Greek affairs. In Greece, the resistance movement swung into action soon after the occupation of the country; in its first stage it consisted of a psychological counterattack against the defeatist campaign of the invaders and quislings. Then, in December 1941, the National Liberation Front (EAM) organized the resistance army (ELAS), implementing the political struggle with military force by this move. The old political parties, including the party of Mr. Papandreou, the present premier, did not participate in the EAM movement and did not encourage high ranking officers to take part in the command of the ELAS forces. The old political parties (Liberals, Constitutional Royalists, Republicans, etc.) were interested only in "dethroning" the king on foreign soil, that is, in convincing the British to throw the king overboard.

By 1942 a considerable number of anti-fascist officers had joined the EAM-ELAS; others had formed their own fighting groups such as the EDES and EKKA. Many of these were democratic officers thrown out of the army in 1935-36 when the royalists crushed the Venizelist movement of 1935. Some officers escaped to Egypt and joined the Greek units organized there as a section of the Middle East British Army. Later a number of quisling officers and politicians joined the Middle East Greek units to create a spirit of defeatism in their ranks. Up to March 1943, the high command of the Greek army consisted of fascist elements who initiated a sinister campaign to drive out of the army all democratic officers by calling them Bolsheviks, anarchists, subversive and so on. The democratic officers formed an anti-fascist military organization and issued a report exposing the defeatist activities of the fascist commanders. Another anti-fascist organization was formed in the Greek naval forces. In March 1943, anti-fascist pressure was so strong that not only were all the fascist officers forced out of the army, but with them went several cabinet ministers. The cabinet was reconstituted with old right wing liberals and democrats, most of them declared foes of the Metaxas regime and also of the monarchy.

In the meantime, the resistance movement inside Greece, under the guidance of the EAM-ELAS, gained new strength; in the same period, it engaged the Nazis in major local operations, destroyed bridges, tunnels, trains, ammunition depots; it organized five major strikes in Athens, Pireus, Salonika and other cities.

"Boys," by Helen West Heller

From "Brownsville Chants" by David Seltzer

ONE would expect the government in Cairo to make an effort to unite the people's movement inside Greece with the armed and political forces outside Greece in a true national front. But no. The old parliamentary parties began to oppose the EAM-ELAS as well as the anti-fascist officers and men of the Middle East Greek army and navy. Persecutions similar to those conducted by the fascist officers before March reappeared, this time under the guidance of two members of the Tsouderos Cabinet—Sophocles Venizelos, Minister of the Navy, and Byron Karapanayiotis, Minister of War. These policies culminated last July in sad incidents in the navy and in the dissolution of the Second Brigade, a unit which had distinguished itself at El Alamein. Another question arose concerning the treatment of the Greek refugees in the Middle East. There is evidence that officers of the Greek army and civilians representing the Greek government treated these refugees no better than Hitler. The refugees were left to the mercy of scoundrels.

In August, a delegation representing the EAM and two smaller organizations—the EDES and EKKA—reached Egypt and met with the king's cabinet. Another delegation, consisting of one man, E. Exintaris, representing the old political parties, also arrived in Egypt from Greece. All

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"Guerrillas," by Eugene Karlin

agreed on one question—that the king not return to Greece before a plebiscite was held. But the cabinet and Exintaris did not agree with the EAM proposal that a government of national unity be formed, a government including all political parties, fighting groups and other people's organizations. The proposal was rejected on the ground that only political parties should be admitted into the government. The cabinet desired to rule by ignoring completely the military and political implications of the guerrilla and people's resistance movement.

The EAM delegation left Egypt in September 1943, and in October the Tsouderos government set into motion an intensive propaganda against the guerrilla movement, by saying that the various guerrilla groups were fighting each other. The British supported the king's man in Greece —General Zervas—and cut off all supplies to the ELAS. Nevertheless, the EAM made another vain attempt to come to a political understanding with the government-in-exile on December 5, 1943, on the issue of a national unity government. A third attempt was made in February 1944, but the EAM proposal was again evaded. Then, in March, the EAM-ELAS decided to form a Five-Man Political Committee, with Colonel Barkidjis as chairman, in addition to Elias Tsirimokos, a progressive democrat; General Mandakas, a guerrilla leader in Greece; G. Siantos, Secretary of the Communist Party of Greece, and K. Gabrielides, a farm leader. The committee proclaimed as one of its basic aims the formation of a national unity government, including all political parties as well as the Tsouderos Cabinet; it pledged itself to call a National Council chosen by the people in due time.

The Tsouderos government, in ignoring the call for unity by the EAM Political Committee, tried to create the impression that the EAM was attempting to monopolize political power. The EAM replied by accepting the Tsouderos government's counter-proposal for a conference aiming at the formation of a national unity government without further controversy. The Communist Party of Greece gave a similar answer. Then suddenly, on April 3, the Tsouderos government announced its resignation.

WITHIN the last month new developments have taken place in a kaleidoscopic manner. British censorship, as the protest of twenty-four American and British correspondents in Cairo shows, would not permit the salient facts to be known in the United States and England. All we know is that Premier Tsouderos resigned under the pressure of the armed forces and Greek public opinion in Egypt (the latter under the guidance of a political organization established in Cairo known as the "Committee of Coordination" which follows the EAM program). We also know that an army and navy delegation, the latter including the Commander of the Greek naval forces himself, Alexandris, was arrested along with other officers just because they recommended cooperation with the EAM-ELAS; that the army and navy protested and that the British were called upon to help "quell the mutiny"; that Sophocles Venizelos assumed the premiership and shortly afterwards resigned; that George Papandreou was called upon to form a new cabinet. The real facts behind these reports remain unknown for the present.

Until more information is available it is unwise to comment on the outcome of the conference of delegates of all political parties and fighting groups now meeting in the Middle East. But the following point should be kept in mind: that the conflict between the old political parties and the EAM-ELAS, which has brought the great majority of the Greek people under its political banner and controls ninety percent of the fighting forces in Greece, reached such a degree of acuteness during the attack by the Zervas group on the ELAS as to drive followers of the Cairo government into using the same slogans as the quislings. From a report of the Office of the Anti-Fascist Organizations in the Middle East, dated Jan. 1, 1944, I quote the following:

"In Greece, for instance, members of organizations of the (Cairo) government alignment were arrested by the Germans; and in court after they had sung the anti-Communist encomium, they summarized their failure in the following phrase: 'Stalingrad binds us with Germany.'"

The report goes on to say that the Cairo government sacrificed the national interest to the quislings. This obviously anti-Soviet attitude also summarizes not only the Greek but the more general fear lest certain unilateral activities, under the guidance of some Munich elements in London, use the Greek question as a test case, a case for the breaking of the Teheran unity on the rocks of Greece.

Mr. Christophorides is the editor of the "Greek-American Tribune."

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THAMESSIDE, '44

By DAVID FOOTE

THERE was the mud and the rain and the Germans. Germans in their tanks and armored cars and in their panzer-wagons. Germans, Nazis, who crouched and moved and ran between the lumbering armor. A mass of men and machines of gray-green color, that came on and fired, and swept all before them.

And the men in khaki huddled in the mud, the men with the bright red faces, and fired their Enfield rifles and Bren guns. Their paltry bullets bounced harmlessly off the tanks and the cars and the panzers. Sometimes a bullet did find a mark in soft German flesh and one man dropped. But the mass came on. The air was filled with moving things, too. Shells that whined and crashed and thundered. Most of the shells fell among the men with the rifles. And they writhed over, burying themselves in the mud and became inanimate parts of the black French soil. They stayed to stop the forward movement of the Nazi mass—and were obliterated.

In such a way Alf died. Alf with the blue eyes, the brown hair, the serious mien. With the philosophy and the determination. Alf, with whom I swam, argued, walked, and laughed in the sun of youth. He died in the mud, long ago now, in '40.

I was at sea then, somewhere in the Pacific, and dreamed of getting home, perhaps when he was on leave from France. But in Panama I received a letter, and life, for me, suddenly seemed barren and empty. My sister wrote the letter. They were in love, she and Alf. They were just twenty. She wrote and told in brave words how he had died. ". . . his battalion was covering the retreat . . . there are twelve known survivors. . . . Alf is among the killed." Brief, eloquent words, at a period in this war, now so developed, when there seemed no point in the kind of war we fought, no point in any kind of war save the war of the people. And in 1940 there was no war—Alf was killed by the men of Munich to preserve their world.

The next letter was again from my sister. It was three months later and I was in South Africa. It told of the changing nature of the war and of how England fought. The people's England. How the workers were sacrificing their hard-won rights to produce war material, the guns and planes and tanks that the army needed so much. How they were fighting to ensure their part in the more efficient running of the factories. How there was a new and greater unity of the people because there was a war to fight and win, a battle for survival. At the end of the letter was a small paragraph . . . "I believe that the only way I can carry on in Alf's place is for me to join the army. Love—Ivy."

I read the letter and it made me sad. I thought of my sister, younger than I, hardly knowing what life was all about. I tried to see her in the uniform of Britain's women's army, the ATS, and found it hard to imagine. Subsequent letters from my father told me how she had joined up, how she was working, grim and tenacious at her job. My kid sister—grim, and in the army? It was impossible.

The war dragged on. For three years I sailed, all over the world. From the retreat at Greece, to Crete, out of there with troops, bombed and machine-gunned, to Egypt. To Singapore and India. To Australia for troops, then around to all the spots where they were needed. Sailing and firing guns at planes and being shaken by the dropped depth charges of overworked escorts. The world over. Then finally, one day we sailed past the Statue of Liberty and steamed to a pier to load. They told us we were loading for England—it was hard to believe, but it happened. We sailed East.

THE sun never shone upon a fairer sight, or a more welcome one for me, as it shone upon the River Thames that Sunday afternoon. The pilot was on board and we were running easily upstream with the flooding tide. More than three years before I had sailed down that river, bound away—now, soon, to be home again.

The river was a silent and a half deserted place. Here and there still ships swung at anchor or were moored fast to buoys. On the banks of the river were the deserted, ruined houses and naked walls, flame-scarred and shrapnel-pocked, standing alone in clearings. Even the ancient river showed the ravages of the years of bombing in the wrecks that marked its course. I waited each turn in the banks with apprehension and a little fear in what I might see, or not see, next.

We finally swung to the tide. Tugs ahead and astern of us, red stacked tugs, strained with the weight of us against the tide, pulled and sounded their shrill whistles and worked us into the waiting dock. The men on the land took our mooring lines, and with many shouts, blowing of whistles and waving of arms, we were moored. Lashed to the city, part of it, no longer of the sea, but now, just inanimate steel. Moored to a dock and taken over by the people from the land. In port? In London!

That evening I went ashore. My parents were crazy with joy—I had come back. They had grown so old. Had lived in pain and terror and seen so much that was theirs destroyed. Seen their old hopes swept away, their old standards disappear. No longer did they think in terms of class, did they bow in symbolical obeisance to effete aristocracy. Now they were part of a whole . . . the people of Britain. Fundamentally they were the same quiet, patient couple, with love of simple things. The small house that was theirs through all my father's years of sweat and toil, their children, Ivy, Hetty and myself—they still had hopes for them, though the world was dark and loud with the noise of bombs and falling houses. They still faintly embraced the old ideals, in spite of suffering, of Britain's greatness, and retained ideas of the Empire, though these died fast as war and nearing victory brought newer concepts of man's rights to freedom, and self-rule. They had weathered many storms together. But ever before one like this? No . . . never before like this, they agreed. Never before a storm so terrible in its fury, or yet one that bore so much promise of a new day. My father, old soldier, fought four years in Flanders in that other war, to return embittered to an England that was not his or for him, or for those other men who had lived in mud and fought. Nor yet an England worthy of the sacrifices of those who had fought and not returned. A country that was no part of them, the people—a country that had failed to keep faith with a world that looked to her to show the way to peace and understanding between the nations of the world. An England whose might and power was based upon the sacrifices of so many, which was controlled and ruled by so few.

I looked at them, my parents, now old and weary, and I wondered. Did they still accept the things that came, the periodic wars and the fluctuations of their prosperity, as an inevitable phenomenon of life? I looked at them and in growing gladness saw that this was no longer so. Gone was the trite hopeless philosophy of silent acceptance that had engulfed them. There was a spark, a hope of life to be theirs soon, through all the filth and the dying and the destruction. A hope? No—a determination.

I had a leave from my ship and my sister came home. Sergeant! Proudly showing on the sleeve of her tunic the inverted chevrons of her rank in the British Army. And on her shoulders, the mark of her service, the Royal Artillery. I was proud of her and of my people. They had proved to the world that they too could give their sons and daughters to the struggle and live in fear and terror, yet grow strong and fight back and build hopes for the world.

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Time passed, and it was time for us to say goodbye once more. The soldier to the field, the sailor to the ship, and those who waited, the old ones, to wait again. I went with Ivy to the station where she was to get the train to take her to an anti-aircraft battery in the north of England. She had told me enthusiastically of her work with the battery. Of the predictor that gave the range and speed of attacking Nazi planes, that directed the guns. It was her special charge, the predictor, and she loved it. Loved the guns that fired and killed arrogant Nazis in the air above our little island—tight, sea-girt, ours.

WE WAITED for the train. There were many troops about, on leave and returning to the camps. Men and women in the uniforms of the various services. Men carrying rifles and kit, walking earnestly and in military manner. Women too, business-like and smart. The whole country in miniature, here in the station. Determined and going somewhere. A sergeant approached Ivy and me as we waited and my sister reached out her hand eagerly. "Hello! . . . this is my brother, David. . . . David, this is Sergeant Dewar, her husband is with the Eighth Army." I shook her hand. A pretty hand, warm and firm. A fine girl, fit and healthy, twenty-five and a soldier. The girl chattered with my sister as only women can chatter, then she stopped suddenly and, as though remembering something, whipped a letter from her pocket. "It's from the battery," she said. Ivy read it anxiously—then her face grew sad and she muttered, "Blast!" And I took the letter and read, "Sorry you weren't with us last Saturday. We were attacked by a mess of Heinkels. Four were destroyed by our ack-ack."

They were so disappointed, these pretty kids who waited with me in the station—these soldiers. Sorry they had "missed the fun," lost opportunity for vengeance.

The train came and then, in a rush of people for places, and amid a cloud of steam and shouted farewells, left. Ivy waved to me from a carriage window until the train and she were beyond sight, and I was alone with the world and my emotions. Now it was time for me to return to the ship and the sea. To sail and carry goods, arms, munitions, troops. To think of English women. Quiet, once demure little misses who stayed at home, or went to the movies and had dates, and loved. Loved warm human beings like themselves, who had dreams of a home together in comfort and peace. Kids like Alf who had a scheme of things to replace the present order, who saw the fallacy of world without union. Who volunteered for the Army in those early days, who died long ago.

I asked myself many things. "Is there no way of peaceful life? Nothing but this, war and death ever, for just survival, only to exist? Surely there is an answer to these questions, a way from this endless misery, to food for all, and work and life?"

I sailed again but I was happier. Blue, deep and heaving sea. Moving ship, carrying goods. Before I left, as I clasped my father's hand, I had realized a strange thing. Strange because it was new to me. That this was not a war just to defeat the Nazis and the fascists . . . but was a war to ensure the peoples of the earth a new and greater life by defeating the ideologies that blocked their path and threatened to throw them back into the darker ages. And then I knew I had found the answers to my questions—in the unity of all peoples, in my mother's quiet determination, my father's plodding toil, in my sister's zeal, and in the sacrifices of Alf. We who are left, who sail, and work, and fight, irrespective of our languages, who look for a future, shall seek and find it in our newer strength.

"Phoenix," by Edith Glaser

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Call from the Grass Roots

THE tide continues to run strongly in favor of pro-Roosevelt candidates in the primaries. Last week Ohio and West Virginia joined Oklahoma, Massachusetts, Florida, and Alabama (not counting such states as Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, where FDR slates were unopposed). In Ohio and West Virginia the voters were given an opportunity to express their choice in exceptionally clear-cut terms. Two particularly odious pro-fascists—ex-Rep. Martin Sweeney of Ohio and ex-Sen. Rush Holt of West Virginia, both old associates of Charles E. Coughlin—sought the Democratic nomination for governor. In Ohio this challenge was taken up by the outstanding win-the-war progressive in the state Democratic Party, Mayor Frank Lausche of Cleveland, who swamped Sweeney by nearly three to one. In West Virginia another Roosevelt man, Judge Clarence W. Meadows, running with strong labor support, including that of the United Mine Workers, beat Holt by a similarly decisive margin.

Meanwhile the fourth-term movement grows apace, President Philip Murray of the CIO sparking it powerfully in a special statement before the United Steelworkers convention. A Gallup poll shows that among voters who chose a Democrat as the man they wanted to be the next President, eighty-nine percent named President Roosevelt. It was this dynamic fourth-term sentiment that Chairman Robert E. Hannegan of the Democratic National Committee reflected when he urged the President's reelection at a Jefferson Day dinner in New York. And it is the conviction of millions that Senate majority leader Alben W. Barkley expresses when he likewise argues for a fourth term in the current issue of *Collier's*.

Compared to President Roosevelt's towering merits, the virtues of Governor Dewey are sparse and dubious indeed. Hannegan recalled that in January 1940, Dewey made a speech in which he assailed the administration not only on the ground that it was seeking a partnership with Russia, but also because it had recognized the Soviet regime. If it is argued that in 1940 many Americans had mistaken notions about the Soviet Union, one must ask whether Dewey today has corrected his mistakes. The anti-Soviet insinuations and heavy sneering at the Teheran conference in a speech he made on March 24 certainly offer no evidence that he has. And even in his latest address, in which he tried belatedly to reverse his field on foreign policy, there is the disposition, in the name of "realism," to treat the USSR as a problem, rather than as a friend and ally.

Proof of the Pudding

IT IS good to see that the American Labor Party, not content to rest on the laurels it won with the downfall of the disruptive right-wing junta in the primaries, is moving ahead, recruiting new members, widening its leadership, and taking the initiative in drafting an election platform for 1944. A recent meeting of the state executive committee chose a public affairs committee headed by Maxwell Stewart, associate editor of the *Nation*, and including such well known liberals as Freda Kirchwey, editor of the *Nation;* Paul Kellogg, editor of the *Survey Graphic;* Johannes Steel, radio commentator; Julius A. Thomas, industrial relations director of the National Urban League; Olin Downes, music critic of the New York *Times;* Martin Popper, secretary of the National Lawyers Guild; and several others who are state vice-chairmen of the ALP. The executive committee also added two Negro trade union leaders as vice-chairmen—M. L. Wilson, president of Local 608 of the CIO Transport Service Employes Union, and Charles Collins, organizer of the AFL Hotel, Restaurant, and Club Employes Union.

The adherence to the ALP of the editors of the *Nation*, the oldest of the country's liberal weeklies, is highly significant in view of the fact that prior to the primaries the *Nation* supported the right wing. We congratulate Miss Kirchwey and Mr. Stewart and the other distinguished liberals who have taken their stand for progress and unity behind President Roosevelt. Their action shows how false was the charge of the would-be wreckers of the ALP that the party under its new leadership would be unable to attract liberals. Those wreckers, dominated by Soviet-hating Social Democrats, after having been decisively rejected by the voters, are now trying to peddle the same line of goods under a new firm name, the "Liberal Party." There is about as much liberalism in the leaders of that outfit as there is socialism in the leaders of the National Socialist Party.

The platform unanimously adopted by the state executive committee is in keeping with the ALP's new character and objectives. It anchors our foreign policy in the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations pact, and the Moscow, Teheran, and Cairo agreements. It emphasizes the decisive importance of the 1944 elections in resolving the main issues before the nation and calls for a fourth term for President Roosevelt. The platform outlines a six-point program for assuring peace, security, and plenty throughout the world, as well as a detailed domestic program to achieve the most vigorous prosecution of the war and to make possible full production and employment and decent living, health and educational standards in the postwar period. A section dealing with state issues will be added at a later meeting of the executive committee.

Rout of the Texas Goebbels

THE American people are to be congratulated. In the retirement of Martin Dies they have won a major victory over fascism. One of the chief political props of Festung Europa has collapsed. It is an occasion for rejoicing—and for gathering our forces for the next advance.

Dies has wisely decided to anticipate the election returns. Registration in his district for the Democratic primary July 22 has risen about twenty-five percent, largely as a result of the influx of industrial workers and the activity of the CIO Political Action Committee and the local AFL. Only two days before Dies decided to walk, instead of run, to the nearest exit, his home county Democratic Committee passed a resolution denouncing him and Senator Lee O'Daniel as "dangerous." And faced with the fact that his opponent in the primary, Judge J. M. Combs, who is pro-Roosevelt, had developed broad support, ranging from conservative businessmen to the CIO, Dies' health suddenly went bad and he quit.

Martin Dies no doubt will deserve more than a footnote in the history of our country. For of him it can be said that no American political figure served the fascist enemy more effectively. Perhaps the classic characterization of him was made by Vice President Wallace when he said more than two years ago that Dies' statements "might as well come from Goebbels himself so far as their practical effect is concerned. As a matter of fact, the effect on our morale would be less damaging if Mr. Dies were on the Hitler payroll. . . . Any man who seeks to undermine faith in our government by a malicious use of isolated facts is a greater danger to our national safety than thousands of Axis soldiers within our borders."

Dies' retirement comes on the heels of the defeat of another member of his infamous committee, Rep. Joe Starnes, in the Alabama primary. These two stunning blows to reaction, together with the victories of Roosevelt supporters in Florida,

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Alabama, Massachusetts, and other states show how myopic were those liberals who only a few months ago were wringing their hands over the "inevitable" triumph of reaction in the United States at a time when it was being defeated abroad. A Congress without Dies will already be a vast improvement over the present one. But the ousting of Dies and Starnes, the mounting strength of the fourth-term movement, and the other progressive developments are only the beginning. A great deal of work must still be done if the job is to be completed on November 7.

Regroup and Attack

IN THE battle to cleanse our country of everything that abets fascism there are reverses as well as victories. Dies is out, but the poll tax remains. As we go to press there comes the news that the United States Senate has once more lacked the courage to meet the responsibilities of these critical times. Cloture, which would have ended the poll taxers' filibuster against the Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill, was defeated by forty-four to thirty-six, and the bill itself was shelved by forty-one to thirty-five. The blame for this refusal to restore constitutional rights in seven southern states falls on both parties: thirteen Republicans and thirty-one Democrats voted against cloture; eighteen Republicans, seventeen Democrats and one Progressive voted for it.

Where the Roosevelt administration stood on this issue was clear. President Roosevelt weeks ago spoke up against the poll tax despite the powerful opposition of the southern wing of his party. The fight for the anti-poll tax bill was led by two administration stalwarts, Senators Mead and Wagner, and was supported by the administration leader, Senator Barkley, who voted for cloture, whereas the GOP leader, Senator White, voted against it. The leading Republican candidate for the presidency, Governor Dewey, by refusing to take a stand on cloture and on this specific anti-poll tax bill (in contrast to Wendell Willkie) contributed to the result.

The anti-poll tax bill is a war measure of paramount importance. Whatever the technicalities involved, the fight must be renewed for the adoption of cloture and passage of the bill. American democracy can do no less if it is to keep faith with those who are dying or about to die that it may live.

Copperhead Venom

IN HIS column on May 11 Walter Lippmann declares that the Montgomery Ward case may raise great constitutional issues which he will not attempt to pass on. But though he professes not to have studied the legal issues involved, he does express the opinion first, that the government officials should have gone to the courts "to prove their authority" before they acted to enforce a presidential order, and second, that they should have used civil and not military force. Mr. Lippmann overlooks the fact that the Smith-Connolly law, under which the President issued his order, does not require him to go to the courts for his authority, but to act when certain conditions exist that threaten the war effort. And whether he uses US marshals or troops to enforce a wartime order is one of those picayune details that not even Mr. Lippmann's gravity can invest with any substance. In his preoccupation with the dignity of the Army and with legal issues which he admittedly has not studied, Mr. Lippmann has somehow overlooked the real issue: the defiance of the government and of all law and order, on the eve of climactic military operations in Europe, by an individual named Sewell Avery.

Defying the law of the land has become a habit with Avery, a habit for which he has been roundly denounced by some of his fellow-industrialists. Even the Republican Washington *Post*, which worried along with Sen. Robert A. Taft that if the President could do this, he could take over every corner grocery store, stated: "The evidence is that the management was chiefly responsible for the strike that led finally to government seizure." The government disappointed Avery and his reactionary rooters by returning the Montgomery Ward Chicago plants to the management once the National Labor Relations Board had completed an election to determine whether the union represented a majority of the employes. Though the union scored a decisive victory, Avery indicated that he would continue to refuse to renew a maintenance of membership agreement. He evidently is aching to resume his war against the United States. And he is being ably seconded by the local union's Trotsky-ite attorney, Francis Heisler, who charges that FDR let the workers down "at the eleventh hour" and is threatening new strikes.

Despite all the unpleasant aspects of the Montgomery Ward case, we would recommend one picture to Walter Lippmann as an antidote to the photo of Avery being carried out of his office—that of the smiling faces of the CIO workers after their election victory. They were kids for the most part, girls in bobby socks and boys in polo shirts. The vote was a surprise to many experienced NLRB people in the area. It was, among other things, these youngsters' way of saying: "Let's get on with the war, Mr. Avery."

Martin Dies

The Eclipse of John L.

IN SOME dark and remote corner of the American scene John L. Lewis sits dismally isolated by the unity which he has so bitterly fought. Perhaps he is holding hands with Sewell Avery or whispering defeatist plots with Hutcheson and Woll. Or maybe he is kneeling before the altar of Father Coughlin's fascism asking guidance on how to compromise the victory of the United Nations. Wherever he is he has few friends and a rapidly waning influence.

The blows have been falling heavily ever since Lewis turned his back upon progress. His attempts to slash apart the growing unity of win-the-war forces in the ranks of labor, employers, and government created serious fissures in our war effort. They have been difficult to mend. But Lewis' knife has not been able to accomplish its shameful task. Under the desperate urgency of war the American people are coming together in a powerful unity which has thrust such divisive elements as Lewis aside.

His latest defeats are particularly important for they have come at the hands of an organization which has been dominated by a defeatist clique with whom he has been working closely. When the AFL Executive Committee recently denied the UMW's application for readmission, ending a long drawn out struggle, it was not only John L. Lewis who was beaten. Hutcheson and Woll who had fought for readmission went down too at the hands of a majority of their colleagues. To make doubly sure of the victory, a few days later the AFL granted a charter to a new union of chemical workers, openly declaring war against the catch-all branch of Lewis' UMW.

Lewis is today isolated and his circle of allies narrows. They have nevertheless not yet been eliminated as a danger to the war effort. The *United Mine Workers Journal*, Lewis' propaganda sheet in his own union, continues to twist the minds of hundreds of thousands of good Americans. The fascist and defeatist minority in industry, in Congress, and in the reactionary wing of the Republican Party desperately try to make their threats effective. Any one of them will remain a danger to the United Nations until all of these elements have been smashed.

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Time to Choose Sides

WHILE Father Orlemanski has been suspended from the performance of his parish duties the issues which revolve about him and his trip to the Soviet Union are not. They loom large and they can no more be packed in ice than the war itself. It is his immediate superiors who have been living in a monastery for so long. Instead of sending him to one they themselves might have come out of that cloistered, insulated world to welcome what Father Orlemanski has tried to do in the interests of his Church. The charge that he violated ecclesiastical precept by dealing with Communists will not only shock world opinion but the Catholic laity itself. For if by the logic of the hierarchy it is sinful to have relations with Stalin and Molotov then our government by the same logic stands condemned for supporting an embassy in Moscow or for planning joint military operations with the Soviet general staff.

It was the late Cardinal Hinsley of England who spoke of the need for teamwork with the Russians. Is he too condemned by the logic of local diocese politicians? Is Monsignor Jan Sramek, the premier of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile, beyond the clerical pale for vigorously endorsing the Soviet-Czechoslovak pact? Is the Rev. Father Frantisek Halek, member of Czechoslovakia's State Council, colliding with canonical law by protesting the establishment in Prague of a Nazi-sponsored Anti-Bolshevist League? In behalf of freedom of conscience Father Halek welcomed all defenders of this human right. "For this right," he said, "die the Red Army men and the soldiers of Britain and the United States. And at home, Catholic priests and Communist workers are dying likewise for this right." Is the collaboration of Catholic Frenchmen and Communist Frenchmen a denial of Catholic interests? Then let Father Orlemanski's bishop read an exchange of opinions between Marcel Poimboeuf, a leader of the French underground and of Catholic trade unionists, and Waldek-Rochet, a Communist deputy. In a recent issue of the French Catholic paper published in London, *Volontaire pour la Cite Chretienne*, both men concluded that "a fruitful collaboration of our movements (Catholic and Communist) in the common fight for liberation is feasible and already a reality."

These are but a few guideposts along the road of Catholic affairs throughout the world. If their meaning has not permeated to sections of the Catholic hierarchy in this country then the exigencies of war will impose it upon them. Catholics deep in the struggle against Nazidom have already accepted Communist collaboration. Father Orlemanski brought from Moscow Stalin's written word that it is possible to collaborate with the Pope against the persecution of the Catholic Church. Polish Catholics in eastern Europe have learned that the Soviet military forces are among the most steadfast defenders of freedom of conscience. It behooves Father Orlemanski's superiors to be more humble and less arrogant in their treatment of a fellow clergyman who brings the truth with which to destroy anti-Soviet bias. This is 1944; Hitler's defeat impends. And with Hitler must go down all his political contrivances which have imprisoned the Catholic Church in Europe. To incarcerate Father Orlemanski behind monastery walls is to perpetuate the humbug of Communist menace and give it longer life even as it is being destroyed by the war itself.

Without the USSR

THE Philadelphia Conference of the International Labor Organization has failed to accomplish the major task of converting that organization from an appendage to an obsolete League of Nations with little power of enforcement into a useful agency of the United Nations. That issue was really lost before the delegates from forty-one nations gathered together at Temple University. It was lost by the failure to provide for participation on the part of the USSR. The Soviet Union, it is now clear, refused to return to an unreformed ILO, and the powers that be in the ILO, consciously or unconsciously failing to grasp the demands of the war against fascism, had not brought about or recommended the necessary adjustments. Once the Conference had convened without the presence of the USSR the opportunity for making basic decisions was gone. Even the most progressive elements at Philadelphia regarded it as a mistake to discuss the role of the ILO as an agency of the anti-fascist coalition in the absence of the Russian ally.

Most of the delegates, including the Conference's chairman, Walter Nash of New Zealand, recognized the futility of undertaking organizational changes under these circumstances. That realization, ably voiced by Mr. Nash, prepares the ground upon which the governing body of the ILO can work out the necessary changes in informal consultation with Soviet officials so that the fundamental mistake of the Philadelphia Conference will not be repeated.

In spite of this crippling handicap, the Conference registered certain positive points. The so-called "Philadelphia Charter" restated in terms of today's world the aims and purposes of an international body concerned with basic economic and social welfare. Other resolutions, having to do with various aspects of security, set laudable goals. The job now is to organize the international machinery capable of translating these fine words into a program of action.

A by-product of the Conference had more significance perhaps than anything else. That was the complete rout of the Woll-Hutcheson-Dubinsky clique, represented by its mouthpiece Robert Watt, and of their Social Democratic cronies from the defeatist section of British and Belgian labor.

The rout was accomplished principally by the skill and unity of the Latin American worker delegates led by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, president of the CTAL. The prestige gained by the Latin trade unionists was as conspicuous as the unconditional defeat of their shameful opponents. Not only was a smashing victory achieved over the Argentine issue, but Lombardo was elected to the ILO governing board and the Belgian Social Democrat, Walter Schevennels, thrown out. Sir Walter Citrine joined the pro-war group in blasting Robert Watt's plea for the soft treatment of Germany. Progressive labor thus came through with flying colors establishing an important working unity between themselves and the majority of government and employer delegates.

"War or No War"

IN THEIR work of stopping traffic with the enemy, one item which the State and Justice Departments should investigate quickly is a report in the financial section of the New York *Times*, May 7. The report begins as follows: "War or no war, the Bank of International Settlements will hold its fourteenth annual meeting on May 22 at its headquarters in Basle, Switzerland. What is more, representatives of the Allied nations, although they be junior members, will attend the meeting, as well as representatives of the Axis nations. According to schedule, the president, Thomas H. McKittrick, a United States citizen, will preside and the directors will declare a dividend." A nice kettle of smelly fish, isn't it? At a moment when we are about to collide with the enemy, an American banker will join in a financial tete-a-tete with his playmates from Berlin's counting houses. The news is hardly fresh that the BIS is tied in closely with the Nazi financial system or that it is an agency for anti-Allied propaganda. Harry White, a leading figure in the Treasury Department, last November said that the "BIS is German controlled. . . . There is an American president [of the bank] doing business with the Germans while our American boys are fighting Germans."

This whole affair is most shocking. Not even unreconstructed bankers should be permitted easy access to Basle, and therefore indirectly to Berlin. And it is high time to determine exactly how financial groups in this country have been working with the BIS, particularly since we entered the war. The findings may prove distinctly valuable to our police authorities.

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On the Battle Fronts

POLITICAL warfare last week reached another climax at about the same moment that Allied forces renewed their offensive in Italy. The tri-power warning to the satellites to get out and get out fast is probably among the last of the ultimatums that will be issued Finland, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary before the great attack sweeps the continent from all directions. Significantly the joint declaration went over the heads of the satellite governments and appealed to the peoples of these nations that they "decide now whether they intend to persist in their present hopeless and calamitous policy." The choice is between continued servitude to the tottering Nazis, or a chance at redemption by contributing to Allied victory. The Allied statement makes clear the fate of the satellites if they choose the former. In that choice there is nothing but destruction and havoc. In the latter they will find Allied peace terms less rigorous than they might be if they continued collaboration with Germany. Time ticks away and the satellites' fateful decision remains to be made.

In Italy the offensive, as we write, has made headway on the twenty-five mile front between Cassino and the Tyrrehenian Sea. A dozen mountain-tops and villages have been taken. Judging from the news dispatches it would seem that the main German defenses are much further back and that probably nothing of decisive importance will take place in this theater until these enemy defense lines are reached. No one should underestimate the difficulties in the way. The present operations from a strictly military point of view are essentially holding ones. They will not attract German regiments from the rest of Europe but will prevent the Wehrmacht command from shifting troops from Italy. In the larger military context, however, the Italian offensive is undoubtedly, as General Alexander phrased it in his order of the day, among the first blows that will be followed by others from east and west, north and south. Across the Adriatic, Marshal Tito is doing his best to pin the Germans down and harass their communications.

The sands of the lull on the Eastern Front are running low. The Soviet air forces, emphasizing the reports of regroupings and the massing of Red Army troops for a new offensive, struck repeatedly at German-held communication points mostly behind the central and northern fronts. The Sevastopol victory cleared the Crimea. During the five weeks of the Crimean campaign the Red Army *destroyed* more than 50,000 enemy officers and men, 188 tanks and self-propelled guns, 529 aircraft, 775 guns as well as other materiel. In the same five weeks the Red forces *captured* 61,600 officers and men (including two German generals), 111 tanks and self-propelled guns, 49 aircraft, 2,300 guns, and a great quantity of stores and other equipment. Thus in the Crimea alone the Germans were forced to part with more than 111,000 men, or about ten divisions, plus most of their paraphernalia.

In Burma things have not changed much and the monsoons will put a stop to major operations any day. Things are pretty grim in the Honan province of China. The Chinese salient between the Yellow and Yangtze Rivers is virtually gone. Unless the reported Chinese counterdrive produces results, the Japanese will soon run trains from Peiping to Hankow. The Chinese theater is in grave danger and needs help without delay.

AROUND THE WORLD

DOMINION DILEMMAS

London (by mail).

WHAT results are likely to follow from the Dominions Premiers' conference with the British government?

The recent House of Commons Empire debate has shown some of the sharp questions that are being raised. They have an important bearing on the future of international organization, world peace and democracy.

Four overseas Dominions Premiers are meeting with Mr. Churchill and other ministers: Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal Premier of Canada; Mr. Curtin, the Labor Premier of Australia; Mr. Fraser, the Labor Premier of New Zealand; and Field Marshal Smuts, the Unionist Premier of South Africa. These four countries represent some twenty-two millions of white population.

Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, is also participating.

Newfoundland, which lost its Dominion status in 1934, is not represented. India and the Colonial Empire, totalling some 460,000,000 of population, or more than twenty times the population of the white Dominions, and six-sevenths of the population of the British Empire, is not represented by any elected representatives, although their future is vitally affected by the proceedings. India is "represented" by Mr. Leopold Amery, Sir Firoz Khan Noon, and the Maharajah of Kashmir. The Colonial Empire is "represented" by Mr. Oliver Stanley.

The conference is thus a conference of Britain with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. These Dominions, since the Statute of Westminster in 1926 established their effective autonomy alongside association with Britain, and especially under the conditions of the war, have greatly advanced in industrial and economic strength and in their political role. They demand an increasing voice in all questions affecting the Empire, and show signs of challenging Britain's sole control of the Colonial Empire and proposing (especially South Africa) a regional division of control of the Colonies.

THE conference meets on the eve of the offensive in Europe. All four Dominions are members of the United Nations and are participating in the military and productive effort of the war. Dominions soldiers have fought with distinction on the battlefields of northern Africa and Europe, no less than the Pacific. In the first four years of the war 30,000 have given their lives in active service in the battles against fascism.

The most important parts of the agenda of the conference are concerned with the prosecution of the war, with coordination of military effort, with strengthening cooperation in the economic and productive war effort and lend-lease, and preparing participation in United Nations reconstruction and rehabilitation. Practical results and agreements should be achieved in this field which will be fruitful for hastening victory.

At the same time wider questions of postwar political and economic policy are being raised in connection with the conference. Here controversial issues are involved which bear on the whole future of international relations, and on which divergent views are expressed. The old question of "closer Empire unity" is being raised in new forms in relation to the postwar world.

One school of thought represented by Smuts and Lord Halifax, demands closer unification of the Empire and some kind

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of centralized machinery to serve as a counter-weight against the size and strength of the Soviet Union and the United States.

Field Marshal Smuts, in his speech last November, spoke of the weakness of Great Britain in contrast to "the Soviet Colossus" and the United States, and urged that Britain must be buttressed by some kind of Western European Federation, drawing Holland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries into the Empire, and by closer unity of the Empire. Lord Halifax, in a speech at Toronto on January 24, after Teheran, opened an offensive with the declaration:

"We begin to look beyond the war to the reordering of the world which must follow. We see three great powers—the United States, Russia, and China—great in numbers, area, and natural resources. Side by side with these is the United Kingdom, with a population of less than 50,000,000. . . .

"In the company of these Titans, Britain, apart from the rest of the Commonwealth and Empire, could hardly claim equal partnership. . . .

"Not Great Britain only, but the British Commonwealth and Empire, must be the fourth power in this group."

Several bellicose speeches along similar lines were delivered by Conservative members, with a challenging tone to the United States and the Soviet Union, and by some Labor spokesmen, in the recent parliamentary debate.

At the close of the debate Mr. Churchill uttered a warning note on the need to reconcile any proposals for closer Empire association with the wider international obligations of the Teheran decisions for world organization under the leadership of the association of Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, and China, to "get the best of both"; although his reference to the "free hand" reserved by Britain on Imperial Preference (clearly implying the possibility of bargaining in relation to United States tariffs) has raised sharp criticism from United States opinion.

"Are you sure that's John Rankin? I am a little nearsighted."

Lord Halifax's bombshell has met with powerful opposition from the Dominions, especially Canada. Mr. Mackenzie King said bluntly of Lord Halifax's proposals: "I do not agree with them"; and went on (in the Canadian House of Commons on February 1):

"Behind the conception expressed by Lord Halifax and Field Marshal Smuts there lurks the idea of inevitable rivalry between the great powers. I maintain that such a conception runs counter to the establishment of effective world security. . . .

"The Moscow Declaration on general security forecasts a system which would involve for its effectiveness a firm commitment of all peace-loving states to do their share in preserving peace. . . . We must join not only with Commonwealth countries but with all like-minded states if our purposes and ideals are to prevail. Our commitments on these great issues must be part of a general scheme."

Mr. Curtin, while recommending closer consultation through more frequent conferences and a possible joint secretariat, declared (in a speech to the Australian Federal Labor Party Conference on December 14, 1943): "The nucleus of the machinery of international cooperation must be the United Kingdom, the United States, Russia, and China, in association with all peace-loving nations."

Mr. Fraser, in an interview in Washington on his way here, answered questions on the proposals for a single Empire machinery of foreign policy: "He suggested that in purely Commonwealth matters there probably was need for closer organization. But he insisted more than once that in the larger field prior binding agreements might pre-judge the establishment of a world organization."

There can be only one basis for "a single foreign policy" of Britain and the Dominions; and that is the basis of fulfillment of the Teheran decisions. Any other line of proposals for an exclusive sectional organization with binding decisions would not only be unpractical, in relation to the sense of national independence of the Dominions, but would be more likely to create disunity, both between Britain and the Dominions, and on a world scale. In this connection we can welcome Mr. Churchill's closing remarks in the parliamentary debate: "In this far greater world structure, which we shall surely raise out of the ruins of desolating war, there will be room for all generous, free associations of a special character, so long as they are not disloyal to the world cause nor seek to bar the forward march of mankind."

Such world unity can only be founded on the independence and democracy of all participating nations. It is of urgent importance that Britain and the Dominions should face at this conference the problem of India, and the necessity of Indian freedom; no less than the necessity of tackling the question of the color bar and other barriers to democracy in the Colonial countries, as well as in South Africa. Britain and the self-governing Dominions have a great opportunity and responsibility to unite their efforts in promoting the common cause of victory over fascism, of international cooperation and the advance of democracy.

R. Palme Dutt.

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READERS' FORUM

"You Are Not a Lover—"

TO NEW MASSES: When a man stands crying out in the market place, lifting up his voice and pleading "to the court of public opinion," we ought to stop and listen to him—even if it proves to be only Oswald Garrison Villard. By reprint from the *Christian Century* by special permission, via the Post War Council (Norman Thomas, chairman) Oswald Villard "once more," he tells us, appeals to us—"for dying Europe—and for America, too."

"I do not suppose that my plea will carry far," he admits, with some misgiving, "but I must make it. My conscience will give me no peace until I do. Just because the voices of my fellow countrymen are still, I must cry out in behalf of the millions who are now condemned to die."

He doesn't want us to bomb Europe. And he doesn't want us to invade Europe. "I plead," he writes, "for our own sons, the hope of the future. But I plead for the occupied countries, too—their men, their women, their children. Yes, I plead for civilization itself that trembles in the balance."

After telling us why he pleads for Europe, he continues, "I plead for England. . . . I plead for England that I love more than any country but my own—that it may yet be saved. I plead for the British boys who are destined for immolation."

But this is not all he pleads for. He pleads for the Lowlands, for the Dutch and Belgian cities. By inference, he pleads for Italy. He mentions the Ukraine, the Balkans, and Sophia. He doesn't plead for them. He doesn't plead for Russia, for its sons—the hope of its future; for their men, their women, their children; for the brave people who, having given countless millions, are giving millions more, unstintingly, that their country and England, and the Lowlands, and the Dutch and Belgian cities, and the civilization of Europe may be freed to live again.

Far from pleading for the Russians, far from suggesting the immediate peace which might add Russian lives to German, English, Belgian, Dutch, American as worth while saving, he tells us flatly, "I am suggesting nothing that is like that . . . the steady advance of the Russians, which nothing seems to check" (sounds as though he were describing a plague of locusts) "gives good grounds for the belief that the German frontier will be broken in the East."

Sit tight, Americans and English, Free French, Free Belgians, Free Danes, and Norwegians. Sit tight. Don't risk your lives. Don't have the blood of Germans on your hands. Let Russians do it.

To say just this; to say it, lift his voice, cry out, appeal and plead, to urge us to be miserable cowards and double crossers of our great ally, to disgrace us to posterity and shame us for ever in the eyes of our enlisted sons and daughters; until he does just this his conscience, he tells us, will give him no peace.

Oswald Garrison Villard, you weeper in the market place! We've listened to you. We turn away from you with disgust. There are those who—however mistakenly in the eyes of most of us—are true humanitarians and pacifists. Above all issues of right and wrong, of liberty or bondage for mankind, they value and hold sacred human life. We disagree with them. We may find it necessary for the furtherance of that victory upon which we are determined, to suppress their opinions or confine them to prison. Yet we may respect them for their integrity. We respect you for no integrity. You are without it. You are not a lover of mankind. You are a lover, so you tell us, of Americans, English, Belgians, Dutch and Germans. Yet you are not a lover even of these, for you would have them be without honor.

You are not a lover, Oswald Garrison Villard. Your conscience doesn't trouble you. Your tears are false. You are just another faker in the market place.

ROCKWELL KENT.

Ausable Forks.

I'll Read Ehrenburg

TO NEW MASSES: While it might be dignifying Mr. Martin Wolfson ["Santayana Defended," NEW MASSES, April 25] somewhat more than he merits, we must hasten to express our disgust with his detachment. Can Mr. Wolfson be so immune to the considerations of life and death of, let us say, 40,000 Jews in Warsaw, or over 1,000,000 Spaniards, or several thousand American soldiers killed by Nazi arms—can he, I say, be so callous as to glorify the work of an author who calmly permits millions of deaths to bore him—and turns to "purest spiritual delights"? Can there exist "pure spiritual delights" for any *man*, any human, any sane, sober, person, while men and women die at the hands of fascist brutes?

As for me, I'll read Ehrenburg and Seghers and Voyetekhov (*The Last Days of Sevastopol*) and Lillian Smith and Howard Fast. William Blake's *The Copperheads* certainly is relevant today—albeit its merits are far more than mere relevancy. Would Hewlett Johnson's two best-sellers annoy Mr. Wolfson? What says Mr. Wolfson of *So Little Time?* What does he think of *Gone With the Wind* which was honored in Germany in 1939?

In Place of Splendor, The Life and Death of a Spanish Town, The Oppermanns and *Paris Gazette* will doubtless bring Mr. Wolfson down to earth. Perhaps he had rather eschew those books, then.

I am an anti-fascist soldier. No dream books for me! My poetry must be of the Sandburgs and Davidmans and LaTouches and Hugheses! My prose must be like Bob Carse and William Blake and Elliot Paul and Rockwell Kent. Finally, Mr. Wolfson, I, as one of the multitude of "small people," "people who dig the soil and work in factories and offices," prefer even Hemingway and Wilder to your old Santayana. Give me reality, or we have obfuscation!

New York. W. K.

"You will have the great privilege of freedom. More than anything else, I think, freedom means the opportunity to be as active as possible in the prosecution of the tasks of the war." The man who made that statement is still in jail on a trumped up charge of perjury. Have you done everything you can to persuade Gov. Thomas E. Dewey at Albany, N. Y. to pardon Morris U. Schappes?

Off the Beam?

TO NEW MASSES: In its editorial "War Plants for Veterans?" in the May 2 issue, NEW MASSES is way off the beam.

The new orientation outlined by Browder in his post-Teheran speeches requires that the issue of socialism not be raised in the postwar period. The proposal to turn over government-owned industry to veterans is merely socialism restricted to one large group. The property in question would be owned collectively and operated, presumably, by officers elected by democratic voting of equally owned stock.

The property that the government holds comprises one-ninth of all the nation's industrial resources, most of it strategic heavy industry. The returning veterans will be about one-fifth of the nation's labor force. Both of these juicy items have long been under the observation of capital's predatory eye. Anyone who thinks that capital would allow itself to be cheated of them without the most bitter and prolonged fight is, to speak mildly, an idealist. And bitter and prolonged fighting is, surely, just what we do *not* want in the postwar period.

JACK JONES.

Jackson Heights.

To the Ballot Boxes

TO NEW MASSES: Was gratified to see "war correspondent" Bruce Minton come down to Ohio and dish up such an interesting and analytical piece as "The Battle of Ohio."

With the obstacles being placed in the way of our boys on the battlefronts to register their votes in mind, may I suggest a slogan for the coming November elections: *they say it with bullets and we will say it with ballots.*

With enough voters at the ballot boxes, we may still win the battle of Ohio. He may not get a Purple Heart or a flock of ribbons, but let Minton know that his eagle eye and sharpshooting warrant him the thanks of many in Ohio who appreciate his political forecasting.

AN AVID NMER.

Cincinnati.

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RECENT BOOKS

Lost Among the Classics

LIBERAL EDUCATION, *by Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt. $2.50.*

PUTTING on the shoes of Cardinal Newman, Mark Van Doren has set himself the task of writing a philosophy for postwar higher learning in America. Starting with the premise that liberal education is today "almost completely suspended," and that it "must some day be restored," Mr. Van Doren sets out to supply "a definition of liberal education" for that contingency. One may be very unhappy about some areas of American education in this period of war to the death against fascism, and one may genuinely feel that a reexamination of many of the institutions of traditional education is sorely needed, but if one starts with the premise that there is no life there at all, or that one can wipe the slate clean and begin all over, he is sure to wind up in never-never land. So Mr. Van Doren's treatise, having got off to an unreal start, winds unhappily through a lot of near truths about education as it is and proposes strange solutions to the problems he does see. The first chapter, entitled "Nobody Thinks He Is Educated," reflects rather than discusses the dissatisfactions of many Americans with the education they have had and falls into the pessimism that passes like a cloud over the whole discourse from time to time. At no point in his critique of present learning does he really grasp the essential problems facing education today.

Instead he sets up an ideal of the "educated man," which is to be the end of a new and better schooling, Newman's "cultivated intellect," which is a "good in itself." He asserts vaguely that the aim of the educated man is to become "more human than he was," and in many paragraphs of scouting around this theme tries to tell you what he means, ending with a passage from Pascal which comforts him in his own groping:

"When I consider the short duration of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after, the little space which I fill, and even can see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of spaces of which I am ignorant, and which know me not, I am frightened, and am astonished at being here rather than there; for there is no reason why here rather than there, why now rather than then."

What Mark Van Doren does have in mind as the cultivated intellect the rest of his discourse makes clear. It is an intellect that has mastered the medieval trivium and quadrivium—literature and mathematics—rechristened, to be sure, reading, writing, thinking; mathematics and science: arts now sunk, Mr. Van Doren laments, "to grammars without rules." As a guide to the ideal college of the postwar world he turns to the curriculum of St. John's College, Maryland, where an authoritarian educational undertaking, under the aegis of President Hutchins of the University of Chicago and Mr. Mortimer J. Adler of *How to Read a Book*, is based on a round hundred of the classics of the West. They begin with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, include Aeschylus, Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, the Bible, Tacitus, Galen, Plotinus, Augustine, Aquinas, and the classics of later centuries. These and only these great works are to be studied with the utmost care by both faculty and students over four years of intensive work. This program is to chart the return from the hit or miss selective education of the present to the fundamentals of human knowledge. It is to provide us once more with the solid basis of our cultural inheritance. It is expected to produce men worthy of democracy. And this is an incredible program for a society which must give, in Mark Van Doren's own words, "each of its members as much liberal education as he can take."

No one will deny that the great works of the St. John's booklist handsomely represent the cultural heritage of the West. And the regret one feels as he reviews this selection from the greatest of the "Great Tradition," that too few of these works were included in his own education, is a valid regret that constitutes a real criticism of the higher learning of our time. But the St. John's program, for all of its magnificent array of greatness, is a program for severe reaction, which Mr. Van Doren, in spite of his desire for a more democratic world, doesn't see. He seriously proposes that higher education for a nation where fourteen million workers are already organized model itself on education so removed from the present that history is limited to Herodotus, Tacitus, Lucian, Plutarch, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, with the Constitution of the United States and the *Federalist Papers* thrown in for good measure. In a world where anti-Semitism has reached such disastrous proportions that we can hardly believe the truth, students are to examine with great thoroughness and care Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Malthus' *Principles of Population*—nothing else! And the only light on the profound developments of society through which we ourselves are living must come through Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and (save the mark!) Marx's *Capital*. Mr. Van Doren argues in familiar phraseology that

Order of Lenin

ON MAY DAY Ilya Ehrenburg was awarded the Order of Lenin for his war journalism. In Americans who have followed his blazing correspondence this event kindles the deepest satisfaction. Ehrenburg has been a great tribune of the Soviet's embattled millions. He has spoken their innermost feelings and articulated their flaming hatred for the enemy. To read his prodigious output is to sense the shape and mind of the infantryman rushing against the invader. To read Ehrenburg's description of a plundered town is to understand the utter barbarity of the Nazi criminal. Whatever he has put down on paper has been a thundering indictment of the *Uebermench* and a call not to bow before his beastliness. He has been both the prosecutor of fascism and the herald of victory. In skilled strokes he has painted the supreme moral courage of his people and added to that courage with simple, fighting words. Every column of his has been cherished by Red Army men. And one group of them, cut off from all supplies, voted not to roll their tobacco in the newspapers carrying Ehrenburg's reports although that meant that they would have to do without cigarettes. To Ehrenburg we send our fondest greetings. We are all indebted to him for showing his colleagues throughout the democratic world how the pen can be wielded in the service of freedom and victory.

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merely to study these works trains the mind.

Mr. Van Doren recognizes momentarily that much of the best education of today occurs in the world of science and its laboratories. Even in that acknowledgement he sees science as working only in a cloister—as indeed it often does in American universities. But when he comes to his practical proposals for higher learning, he applauds a program where science as we know it in the modern world is reduced to a handful of famous, but strictly historical, treatises—and mathematics. Mr. Van Doren must be aware that there are many practical relationships between science and society in our own national culture, but there is no hint even that he has heard that science is serving society in a planned program of great strength, discipline, and imaginative quality in one of the three great powers of the modern world. The Soviet Union is not mentioned once in these two hundred pages. It apparently has never occurred to Mr. Van Doren that there would be anything in Soviet culture and education worth his inspecting even in a book or two. I would suggest as a beginning that he add to the names of Odysseus, Clytemnestra, Roland, Lear, Gargantua, Tartuffe, Gulliver, Raskalnikov, Mr. Pickwick, Huckleberry Finn and others, "not to know whom is to be imperfectly alive," the name of Bunchuk.

The truth is that Mr. Van Doren, perhaps unwittingly, has fallen in bad company. It is no accident that the St. John's program, one of the most conspicuous developments in contemporary education, is the pet of a man who sees no hope for a lasting peace (another way of saying we shall eventually fight the Soviet Union) for another five hundred years or so—Mortimer J. Adler. This is no place to review the state of higher learning in the USA, but anyone who does will find it neither so flimsy nor so hopeless as Mr. Van Doren would have us believe it is. For all its lag and waste the promise of more solid and more honest scholarship is already becoming a reality. There is much that is excellent and permanent in our established institutions, especially in the realm of science. The growth of the people's schools is no small guarantee that education is moving forward and Mr. Van Doren would find, if he ran his finger down the catalogue of any one of them, a solid program for using the knowledge we have accumulated through centuries of civilization; and he would find that it did not ignore the classics.

One peculiarity of a *Liberal Education* that may give it wider currency than it could gain on its ideas alone is the astonishing number of passages which, when lifted out of the whole context, have the ring of wisdom. "But the young people know, even if the old do not, that the first need is to reform it [a liberal education]. Like democracy, it can be saved only by being increased." "Reform for [the educated man] does not cure evil so much as contain it in its native country, chance." "Educators, like magazine editors, persistently underrate the people." "Literature is a means to something bigger than itself; it makes the world available to us as chance and appetite do not." But the warp of the discourse has a different tenor, and for all the pretty phrases which are quotable and match the needs of our time, one finds others in complete contradiction with the same earnest ring. One finds Mark Van Doren quoting with approval a passage from Matthew Arnold so seriously distrustful of democracy as to betray his own real misgivings:

" 'Our society . . . is probably destined to become more democratic; who or what will give a high tone to the nation then?' " His own remarks which follow are revealing: "This is the question that ought to keep statesmen and educators awake. They may imagine, for instance, religion embodied in a world state whose officials are all but priests—all but Lincolns—because its purpose is more than 'merely' political. But what is to prevent the propagation of specious faiths, usable by ruthless individuals for their private ends? What of the 'political religions' which now endanger our most elementary liberties? How is the citizen to distinguish? He is prepared to distrust a demagogue who does not disguise his ambition; he is ill prepared to recognize a prophet, for the language of prophecy is not in good repute. And he is as impotent as men have ever been to arrive at a definition of justice that fits precisely to the present scene." This comment on Arnold's fears reflects the real political cloudiness and misgivings which underlie the thinking in this book and explain its unresolved moods of alternating hope and gloom.

VIRGINIA SHULL.

Reminder—

If you haven't seen "Decision," now at the Ambassador Theater, 49th St. west of Broadway, you can take advantage of the new ticket offer to readers of NEW MASSES and other publications. Take this notice to the box-office, and you will receive tickets for any performance at the following special rates: $3.60 seats for $2.10; $3.00 seats for $1.75; $2.40 seats for $1.40.

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Basic Text

THE SOVIET FAR EAST AND CENTRAL ASIA, *by William Mandel, Dial. $2.50.*

THE Institute of Pacific Relations, which sponsored this study, and the author, who is on the research staff of the American Russian Institute, have done a valuable public service in issuing this volume. It is a scholarly analysis of two vital areas of the Soviet Union, neither of which is familiar to Americans. The first is the Soviet Far East, that vast section of the USSR which borders Japanese occupied territory of China and fronts the Pacific Ocean together with the hinterland which provides an economic base for the military forces stationed on that frontier. It includes the following administrative divisions: the Buriat-Mongol and Yakut Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republics, the Maritime and Khabarovsk Territories, and the Irkutsk and Chita Oblasts.

The second area, Central Asia, "a mosaic of religions, peoples, and tongues" where under the czars the cruelest form of feudalism and even of pre-feudalism held millions of people in medieval serfdom, today represents one of the outstanding achievements of the Soviet Union. Administratively it is broken up into four Central Asian Republics, in each of which one nationality is in the majority but all the minorities are fully protected. These Republics are the Turkmen SSR, the Kirghiz SSR, the Uzbek SSR, and the Tadjhik SSR, with the Kazakh SSR stretching beyond these frontier Republics in an area approximately one-third the size of the United States.

Mr. Mandel gives the history, geography, economics, and cultural achievements of each of these regions, placing special emphasis upon the contribution they are making to the total war effort of the USSR. The Soviet Far East, he explains, was first geared to the goal of becoming as economically self-sufficient as possible in order to provide the necessary base for defense of the long frontiers occupied or threatened by Hitler's Axis partner, Japan. With the Nazi invasion in June 1941, the pace of development in the Far East was accelerated not only toward eliminating the economic dependence of the latter upon the more advanced sections west of the Urals, but also toward supplying the western front with war materiel. The miracle by which the Soviet Far East has multiplied its productive capacity and become a net asset to Soviet war economy as a whole is an historic story of human achievement. The author describes how the initiative was taken by the Communist Party, not only in rallying the people to an extraordinary effort, but in establishing countless new factories and allocating production norms.

Original sources, including extensive reports from government and party officials, are used throughout the book. For the regions treated, therefore, the volume furnishes a welcome antidote to the flood of literature based upon sources which at best are secondary. Mr. Mandel has written an exceedingly useful reference for any one interested in the Soviet Far East or Central Asia and particularly for students of the Soviet war economy and nationality policy.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

Guerrillas from Crete

THE SEA EAGLE, *by James Aldridge, Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.*

A CASUAL survey of the fiction that has thus far been written out of the experience of this war reveals, at this point, a striking polarity. We have already had a number of expressions of bafflement and surrender—the self-exposures of men like Koestler, Malaquais, and Sender. And if there were nothing to show but the breakdown and search for escape of men haunted into a desire for self-oblivion through their experience of fascism, the war would have proved an arid field for fiction. But this literature of defeat has already been challenged by a powerful literature of struggle. Where it finds its sources of inspiration, what its premises are, and what forms of expression it employs may be clearly discerned in *The Sea Eagle*, James Aldridge's second novel.

First of all, it certainly is no coincidence that *The Sea Eagle* illuminates, as human experience that one day will receive its inevitable verification, what difficulties the Greek liberation movement faces—just at the time when the strength of its resistance is coming to light and the existence of friction between the resistance forces inside Greece and the emigre government in Cairo is being openly acknowledged. Aldridge tells us where this strength comes from and develops lucidly in his story the grounds for the distrust, in Greece and Crete, of the exiled government abroad.

After the fall of Crete, guerrilla resistance sprang up at once, organized by those men who had already laid plans for a finish fight with the Metaxists. They were prepared for the Nazis, because these German "ironheads" were only extending and continuing the war against the Greek people that had been carried on by the Metaxists, their "little brothers." In a small fishing village, cut off from land, not yet penetrated by the Nazis, two anti-Metaxists, Nisus and Hadzi Michali, join two Australians, stranded in Crete after the British withdrawal. In exchange for assistance in their planned sea-flight to Egypt, Angus Burke and a man named Stone undertake to help Nisus and Hadzi Michali rescue some imprisoned anti-Metaxists from a neighboring island prison.

At the successful end of this venture, on their return to the mainland, they meet,

Science & Society

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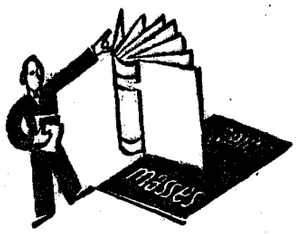

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not the ironheads, but a delegation of Metaxists, old recognized enemies, now in the unexpected role of resisters to the German occupation, and bespeaking the authority of the government in exile. The problem Nisus and Hadzi Michali face is this: can they safely cooperate with the Metaxists, entrust to them the direction of the struggle? Now—and tomorrow?

In these final scenes where the guerrillas make their political decision, these simple men, in hard, utterly conclusive speech, become the spokesmen of every underground fighter in Europe who has looked his fascist "brother" in the face and asked him what his purpose is now. The answer of Nisus and Hadzi Michali is—"We *cannot* accept thee." The Metaxists are tried and sentenced over the stone-covered graves of the great men whom they sent to death. It is more than the shame, the guilt they bear, that condemns them; it is the ugly curse put on them by those whom first they imitated and then obeyed. They remain, in the verdict of Nisus, unfit for the society of free men; their very presence compromises the struggle against the Nazis, and when it is necessary, they go first.

The men who have never compromised with fascism make the literature of struggle. What they do, and some sense of what impels them, as in the great scene of decision in Aldridge's novel, can be put into books; for the vital stories of this war are going to be the ones in which the experience of fighting men shapes and clarifies its cardinal issues. This novel is as free from abstraction as a trench mortar; here your "politics" are the pressing necessities of life. If doubts persist outside Greece about what men should constitute a government and come forward one day as premiers and cabinet ministers, let us remember that no doubts within exist. If a man like Nisus lives to see the last ironhead struck down in Greece, he will not lay down his weapons before the official he recognizes as the one-time "little brother" of the Nazis. We cannot *accept* Nisus unless we accept in full the principles upon which he fights.

I think that most readers will decide that the esteem of allies like Nisus is something worth assuring now, for the sake of the future.

ALAN BENOIT.

Among the Calvinists

WITH A DUTCH ACCENT, *by David Cornel DeJong. Harpers. $2.75.*

"WITH A DUTCH ACCENT" is David Cornel DeJong's beautiful and bitter account of his first sixteen years in Holland and America. The larger and more interesting portion describes the author's life in Wierum, a little sea coast town in the northern part of Holland. This section of the book is full of the quaint and curious customs of the Frisian Dutch, amusing incidents and dramatic contrasts between the riotously emotional fisherfolk and the dour tradesmen and artisans. Beneath the picturesque, however, lies the solid pattern of feudal, Calvinistic Dutch life—narrow, grim, and overpowering. Bitterly DeJong recalls the cruelty to the unfortunate and the sensitive, the bigotry which forbade all amusement, was suspicious of all intelligence, and limited education to the study of religion and preparation for a trade. When the reader finishes this section he remembers only a miserable boy of twelve who wanted to be an architect, but who had already finished school and been apprenticed as a carpenter, and who was expected to satisfy his mind in the Society of Ebenezer, where he smoked cigars and disputed problems of religion with wise and weighty men of seventeen and more.

America was not at first the deliverance which the boy dimly hoped for. Conditions here were even worse. The DeJongs were now immigrants who suffered the indignities of a cross-Atlantic trip in third class and manhandling at Ellis Island. In the Dutch community of Racine where the family settled, David encountered more meanness than he had known in Holland and suffered more. With the lapse of over twenty years, DeJong has found no forgiveness; he flays the American Dutch for exploiting, taunting, and then neglecting his family as they struggled against poverty and sickness in a strange land. Buttoning up their own pride, the elder DeJongs were determined to remain as Dutch and Calvinist as possible. The children were sent to a Calvinist school, forced to attend church three times on Sunday, and were examined regularly to see that they were not being contaminated by heathenish customs. Nevertheless, the patterns of the old world could not withstand the inroads of the new, and David slowly succumbed to the generosity and freedom of the crazy Americans he met in his dogged attempts to get ahead. Significantly the book ends when he lies about his age to get a job in a bank, an act which symbolizes the breaking of the Calvinistic and feudal pattern of his life.

All of this DeJong writes in sincere and beautiful prose. His is an honest attempt to discover what being a Hollander and becoming American meant to him, without the adornments of precocious memory and literary falsification. His book is possibly too egocentric, says too little about his parents and their reasons for emigrating, and too little about his brothers. Strangely enough, also, he says nothing about World War I although he came to the United States in 1918. But there is more than enough here for interest, for thought, and for an understanding of DeJong's cast of mind.

CLIFFORD HALLAM.

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IN THE WORLD OF ART

By MOSES SOYER

In a recent group show at the Rosenberg Gallery, a painting, "Whither Now," by Max Weber shone out with almost an inner glow. One could describe this picture as a painting of a gesture or as a painting of the meaning of the words "Whither Now." I don't know whether I make myself clear, but the picture that comes to mind as nearest to Weber's is El Greco's "Visitation," now in the Fogg Museum in Boston. That too is a painting of a gesture. The painters of the pre-Renaissance and the Renaissance have evolved in religious paintings like the "Visitation" and "Annunciation," gestures that came to mean friendship, resignation, expectation. In modern art the significant gesture disappeared with the artists' preoccupation with the accidental in life. Weber, in this ascetic picture of two bearded figures facing each other in attitudes that express aloofness, inevitability, despair, brings us back to the importance of meaningful gesture as used by the old masters. Although stemming from the past, the idiom in which it is painted is so modern and the theme so timely, this painting is the most profound indictment of man's inhumanity to man.

Weber, the contemporary of Picasso, has, in his "Whither Now," like Picasso in his "Guernica," depicted eloquently the great tragedy of a race.

Whether we like it or not, the character of the art of our time is that of individualism and the ultimate goal of the artist of today seems to be the finding of his "own little thunder," to quote Cezanne. This emphasis on originality at all costs has resulted in a great deal that is false and eccentric in art today. The artists in their frantic quest for originality seem to forget that the great originator of modern art, Cezanne, sat long and patiently at the feet of tradition and that his final contribution to art, great and original as it is, is but a logical development of the art of the past.

In his previous shows, Abraham Harriton, a large exhibition of whose work is now being shown at the ACA Gallery, had come forward each time seemingly as a definite exponent of neo-classicism, futurism, cubism, etc., and it looked as if he would continue throughout his artistic career as a follower of these various schools and that his work, although capable, would not be more than an echo of the leaders of the many artistic isms. The present exhibition, however, should dispel these fears for Harriton finally has found himself. Having experimented with various art forms it seems he found them inadequate and has come to the conclusion that subject matter in art is at least as important as technique, and that an artist to be significant must express the life and habits of the people of his time. It is an impressive collection of paintings consisting of portraits, still lifes, landscapes, and pictures dealing with the war. Among the latter, "Passport to Nowhere" and "The Hour of Liberation Is Near" are especially eloquent and touching. The "Passport to Nowhere" depicts a group of weary refugees staggering under the burden of their household goods; trudging along a mountainous road. In spite of the fact that Daumier and many artists since, including Gropper, have painted eloquent "Passports to Nowhere" Abraham Harriton's version can take its place with the best because of its poignancy and individual approach. One of the most dramatic pictures in the show is the large version of "The Raft." It was painted from newspaper accounts of an incident that occurred at the beginning of the war; several sailors stranded on a small raft in a limitless sea. Philip Evergood used the same theme in a picture which was exhibited some time ago at the ACA Gallery and it would be interesting for the student of contemporary art to make a comparison between Harriton's and Evergood's versions. In his picture Evergood depicted the starkness and cruelty of the elements with all the vividness of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, while Harriton, with restrained color and stylization of the waves and sky, is more akin in spirit to the wonderful painting of Tintoretto exhibited some time ago at the Metropolitan Museum, "Christ Crossing the Waves." I would like to see some day these two versions of "The Raft" hung alongside one another.

A group of landscapes forms a large part of this exhibition and lends it variety. They are extremely well painted. The only criticism that I would offer is that they all seem to have been painted at the same time of day. They are cool and lyrical in quality and well composed. "The Tree" is especially outstanding. Among the portraits, those of his son in uniform and the profile study of his wife are notable for the tenderness and sympathy with which the artist depicted them and the large self portrait for its strength and character delineation.

The exhibition on the whole is richly rewarding. It is strong, direct, masculine painting. It establishes Harriton as an artist of mature talent and gives promise of further development.

The artists of New York will feel deeply the loss of the sculptor Adolph Wolfe. He was a gentle, kindly man,

"Calvary," by Emanuel Romano, from his exhibit at the Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 East 57th St., through May 27.

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loved by his fellow artists and admired by many thousands of the working people whose houses are decorated with his plaques of Debs, Lincoln, Lenin, Stalin, and other beloved figures. Wolfe was truly a socially conscious artist from the very beginning of his artistic career. He was a charter member of the John Reed Club and a leader of the artists during the days of the WPA. He will perhaps be best remembered not by his ambitious compositions but by his humorous and appealing animal studies. He particularly liked to sculpt monkeys. In depicting them one feels he poked gentle fun at the human race; at its foibles and failures.

Films of the Week

PARAMOUNT is to be saluted for *The Hitler Gang*, the most powerful anti-Nazi film to come out of Hollywood. By virtue of its political and historical frankness, by its unusually accurate documentation, it presents a rousing indictment. A number of commentators, while admitting the timeliness of the film at the Globe, regretted that it was more political than dramatic, and that it contained more propaganda than action. The purpose of such criticism eludes me, since the movie owes its strength to these very qualities. The propaganda value derives not from speeches and arguments *about* the Nazis but from the sentiments and ideas that they themselves utter. As a matter of fact, the picture's weaknesses are due to the film's not being political enough, as I will indicate later. As for its dramatic effect in a qualitative sense—the producers have done a commendable job. The unsavory camarilla of paranoiacs, drug addicts, homosexuals, and murderers has become such a towering symbol of depravity, that the problem of presenting them as human beings, however slight the actual resemblance, must have been a troublesome one. It may be one of the reasons why previous efforts to portray Hitler on the screen were never successful.

The film spans the period from 1918, when the German High Command, fresh from the defeats of World War I, was already making plans for future aggrandizement, to 1934, the year of the purge when the High Command and big business consolidated Hitler's victory over the German people.

Of equal importance with the nature of the Nazi junto is the manner in which it came to power. On this score *The Hitler Gang* shows that without the aid of Junkers and the industrialists Hitler could have got no farther than Legs Diamond. But from the very beginning, his party was recognized as the instrument needed to carry out the policy of the German rulers. Through Roehm, the brass hats bought for the Nazis guns, uniforms, banners and thugs from the nation's underworlds. Behind them, too, stood the slimy politicians of the Noske-Scheiderman persuasion, who made speeches, but who used their tongues in more ways than one. The film makes all too clear (in fact is the first American movie to do so) what a potent weapon anti-Semitism was in helping them get to the top. Between Himmler and Hitler, the anti-Semitic conspiracy was elevated to the status of a state philosophy and gave rise to the mumbo-jumbo of blood supremacy. Many of the opposition swallowed the bait, even as they swallowed the Red-scare that culminated in the Reichstag fire.

On this point, *The Hitler Gang* is most gratifyingly specific. Immediately after the last general elections, the Nazis discovered that they had far less than the two hundred seats won by the Communists and Socialists. There is only one thing to do, says Goering—take away those two hundred seats. The Thyssens, Krupps, and Schmidts will give us a free hand, if we can come up with a real scare. The Reichstag fire is the tactic decided upon. Von Hindenburg murmurs that he had no idea things were so bad and signs the order for the arrest of the Communists. Now the Nazis are in their glory. We must intimidate the nation, carry on an endless campaign of terror, confides Himmler. Had Von Hindenburg been around in the succeeding shots, he would have confessed that things got much worse. After the Communists were crushed, came the turn of the Socialists, the Catholic Center, the Republicans, the trade unions, the churches. Too late the opposition realized that its participation in Red-baiting led to its own downfall. And here the film makes its strongest point—that no democracy can survive Jew-baiting and Red-baiting.

"THE HITLER GANG" has only one marked weakness in its narrative structure. In a bit of family biography injected toward the middle of the picture an attempt is made to fix more explicitly the character of Hitler and his cronies. Hitler retires to a mountain retreat after the 1923 putsch. His sister and niece come to keep house. At the instigation of his pals (who feel that he is neglecting party duty in spending too much time on his niece), he shoots her in a fit of paranoiac jealousy. The incident is given far more footage than its importance merits, and in the telling, the film has its first slow moments. As a means of establishing the Nazis' utter moral bankruptcy, any number of episodes, historically true, would have done a more convincing job. The Dimitrov trial, for instance. As a matter of fact, the use of this event, in itself highly dramatic, would have corrected another weakness in the picture—the absence of any people's struggle against Hitlerism. As it stands there is no evidence of an anti-fascist movement (as in *Doctor*

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Mamlock) and the resistance to fascism is mechanically limited to the mild protests of a minor official here and there.

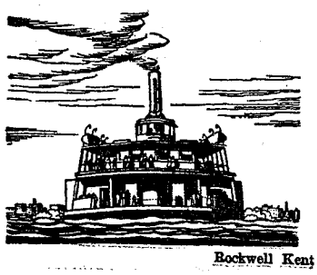
The acting is of a remarkably high caliber. The members of the cast act their historical models to the life; Roman Boehnen is the scheming Captain Roehm, Luis Van Rooten the cold-blooded Himmler. Martin Kosleck the sly Goebbels, Alexander Pope is Goering, the hulking drug addict, Robert Watson the egomaniac Hitler, and Sig Ruman the weak aristocratic Hindenburg. Writers Goodrich and Hackett, by the selection and integration of the material, have brought home the nature of the Nazis as has no previous large scale propaganda effort. Theirs is a contribution that will help us understand the enemy all the better on the eve of D Day, as well as the American counterparts of German fascism.

★

"THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN," at the Hollywood, is Warner Bros.' current exploration of Americana. It is far from a roaring success, yet it can show the makers of *Jack London* a thing or two in the production of screen biographies. The film takes a great many liberties with the facts of Mark Twain's life. He did not run away from home to become a river pilot. Actually, he did not become a pilot until he was twenty-one. He did not quit his job on the river to go west after gold, but because the outbreak of the Civil War made river traffic impossible. He did not take his name from hearing a deckhand sing out the two fathoms deep signal for navigable water, but from a dead river pilot who used the name before him. But these violations of biographical veracity are not serious, so long as they do not distort Clemens' character—and the film does not. It does, however, make two serious errors. It treats Mark Twain in too saintly a fashion for a man of his earthy reputation, and he is pictured writing his greatest books only because his wife asked him to.

But in general you will enjoy *Mark Twain*, if you forget that it is supposed to be a literal representation of a specific character. Fredric March plays a be-whiskered individual who bears a startling physical resemblance to Mark Twain. In other respects, he is a good though not too profound reminder of a democratic writer of the nineteenth century with more native wit than formal education.

JOSEPH FOSTER.



Rockwell Kent

Social Drama and Whimsy

HEAVEN is beautifully represented in *A Highland Fling* by an angel masquerading as Frances Reid come to earth to charm her truant husband, the ghost, into accompanying her back through the pearly portals. And here I must pause a moment to blush for that abstraction, the Average American. We are in a village at the foot of Cairn McGorum in the mountains of Scotland and every Scot from six-year old Bessie to the jagged old minister accepts the ghost in a decent, civilized manner—yet of the two Americans wandering into the community, one doesn't believe in the ghost while the other throws a fit at his merest touch! As one Yank who has had a rather extensive traffic with ghosts this Broadway season, I had to be restrained from attempting to retrieve the honor of my country by calling out, "I believe in ghosts! And what's more, when they're like Pat O'Malley was and Ralph Forbes is now, they're damned lovely fellows and very nice company, too!"

Though not in the least important and perhaps better suited to a little theater production, Miss Curtis' romantic whimsy is nevertheless always amusing, sometimes gently ribald, and constitutes an affectionate josh of the inbred impulse of Scotsmen to refight that Battle of Bannockburn.

Miss Curtis is her own Silly—and a more lovely one I could not conceive. Indeed, the entire play is full of gay performances. Karl Swenson as the randy Rabbie MacGreggor who can bring tears to his own eyes with the power of his eloquence; little Patty Brady as Bessie; Gloria Hallward who as the barmaid tries so hard to save Rabbie from even the semblance of reform; John Ireland who wins Silly away from the ghost; and St. Clair Bayfield, who as the gambling, swilling minister, gives one of the best comic characterizations of the year. These and more disport themselves in two settings by John Root, one of which, the heath outside the castle, is charged with deep poetic feeling. The whole was staged by that master of noise and knockabout, George Abbott, with a hitherto unrevealed sensitivity and grace of style. Recommended only to those who enjoy light-minded, light-hearted fantasy.

"HICKORY STICK," written by F. Stephani and M. Burnett, and Elsa Shelley's *Pick Up Girl* have this in common: they deal with the problem of delinquent children under the special aggravation of the war. In *Hickory Stick* at the Mansfield, the scene is a vocational high school to which are sent only the intractables and subnormals of the other schools. The first act competently sets up the theme that these boys and girls are not hopelessly anti-social as their teachers assume them to

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be, but can be integrated into the community. It is a new teacher, a hero of Guadalcanal, who earnestly sets out to demonstrate the proof. However, the next two acts of the play do nothing to advance the teacher's position. Indeed, the authors come perilously close to proving the contrary. And at the final curtain, all we have is the reiterated determination of the soldier-teacher to remain in the school and continue his efforts in behalf of the children.

In my opinion, the authors failed in the communication of their laudable intention to focus a sociological light on the still too prevalent educational belief in original sin, precisely because their protagonist acted in a wholly individualistic manner without any relation to the educational system of the community and because he made no attempt to involve his pupils in any of the important social activities which the war effort suggests. Failing this orientation, the authors were forced into bad melodrama based on the personal relationship between the teacher and the one tough boy whose confidence he has won. Even this friendship is based on a factor outside the play: the teacher was with the boy's brother when he was killed in the Pacific. The result of this dramaturgy is that at the end of the play we are back at a rather foggy restatement of the theme so clearly announced at the first curtain.

The play was produced by Ewing and Elkins and staged by J. B. Daniels who has done very well with the rather trying classroom scenes. Vito Christi turns in a beautiful performance as the tough boy, Tony, who, torn between old loyalties and new, tries to resolve his conflict by shooting the one badly twisted class-mate. Lawrence Fletcher is most convincing as the old-time teacher who relies wholly on his fists, especially in that almost unbearably brutal scene in which he tries to force the boys to beat Tony. The idealistic teacher is played by Steve Cochran in a rather limited but intense and straightforward manner. There are many other good performances among the large number of youthful actors. But the most that can be said for *Hickory Stick* is that it might have been a good play had the authors understood the nature of their theme. As it is, it lacks both cohesion and direction.

In contrast, *Pick Up Girl* is a drama of great force and integrity. It is enacted with absorbing realism in a realistic setting by Watson Barratt of a Juvenile Court screened behind scrims which are down at the beginning and end of each scene and which cause the audience to feel that it is being privileged to look into a dimly lit sub-social cavern.

The story is commonplace. Elizabeth, a girl of fifteen is found in bed with a syphilitic debauchee. She is arrested and brought before Judge Bentley. Appearing with her are her bewildered parents, the frightened roue, the experienced girl who introduced

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him to her, the two boys who love her, one viciously, the other, Peter, with generous understanding, and Peter's bitter mother who tries to save him from becoming involved with a "bad girl." Thus is the typical case history developed. A slum home, a mother who works long hours as somebody's cook and must therefore throw her responsibilities as housekeeper and mother of three younger children upon Elizabeth's immature strength, a father who is trying to work himself out of a depression's debt in a war job 3,000 miles away, and the glamorous life in tantalizing view of Elizabeth, good clothes, movies, dances, dashing young servicemen.

Judge Bentley, played with admirable identification by William Harrigan, skillfully guides us through this morass, evoking our understanding, our pity and our indignation at the plight of such juvenile victims of circumstance. But—and this is the weakness of the play—in spite of his own awareness of social blameworthiness for Elizabeth's condition, he does no more at the end of the play, when he commits the girl to years in a hospital reformatory, than to denounce the parents and the rest of the community as having failed their responsibility. The deliquency is not juvenile, he declares, it is adult delinquency.

For Miss Shelley to have written the play as she did merely as a dramatization of a case history, is to leave us like Judge Bentley, in a chastened, hopeless, teeth-gnashing mood. This emotion has dramatic value, but socially it is only a step above the attitude of the case-worker who has become bored and hardened in an uncreative routine. Had the audience understood that there is hope in the situation and that it can take a very important part in its amelioration, and had this been integrated into the action only half as well as the rest of the story, *Pick Up Girl* might have thrilled us instead of depressing us.

Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly one of the most important and serious plays of the season, starkly written and immensely moving in its simple characterizations and confrontations. Roy Hargrave has directed it with great skill and a perception of timing that saves it from the danger of becoming static in its formal court relation of group positions. Harrigan's performance is, of course, the most fascinating. But Pamela Rivers as Elizabeth and Marvin Forde, who stands by her throughout, are also always real and believable. Indeed, the rest of the cast moves in the pitiful context of the play as if they were actually the parents, the neighbors, the criminal, and the court attendants. Altogether a splendid production by the three gentlemen of Michael Todd's staff.

And wasn't it Michael Todd who announced some time ago that the public does not want serious drama? Ah, well, that was before Elsa Shelley came along.

HARRY TAYLOR.

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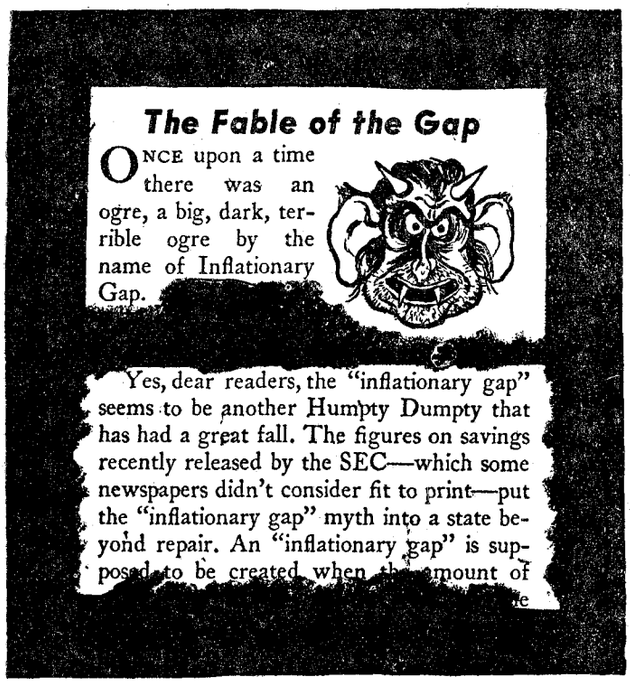
The Fable of the Gap
ONCE upon a time there was an ogre, a big, dark, terrible ogre by the name of Inflationary Gap.
Yes, dear readers, the "inflationary gap" seems to be another Humpty Dumpty that has had a great fall. The figures on savings recently released by the SEC—which some newspapers didn't consider fit to print—put the "inflationary gap" myth into a state beyond repair. An "inflationary gap" is supposed to be created when th amount of

(New Masses, March 16, 1943)

One Year Ago New Masses Said—

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SCOOP!

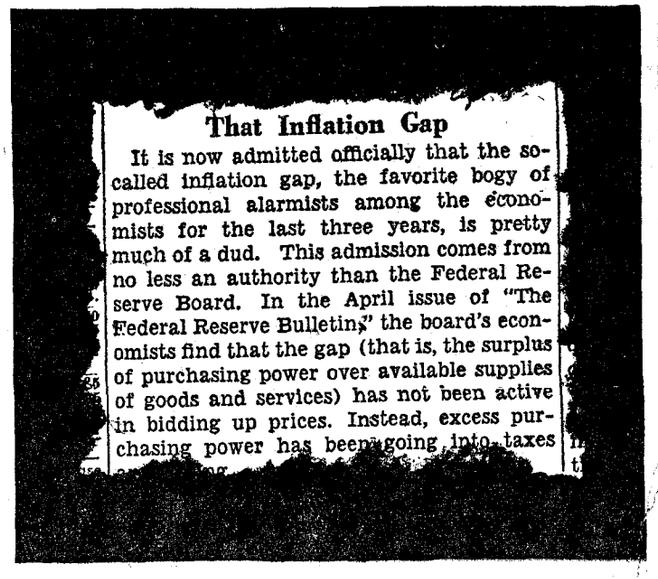
ONE does not often think of economics in terms of journalistic scoops. These days, however, when economic controls play so crucial a role in war efficiency and in the maintenance of essential living standards and morale, it becomes all-important that we get our economic thinking straight.

During the past few years the American public has been warned in season and out of the danger of the "inflationary gap"—that is, the excess of purchasing power over the available civilian goods and services. Newspapers like the New York "Times" engaged in a veritable crusade, insisting that unless this gap were closed by means of a federal sales tax and other drastic levies on low-income groups, prices were bound to skyrocket despite price control, rationing, subsidies, etc.

We are sorry to say that not only did conservative economists and newspapers subscribe to this theory, but liberal publications as well. **Only New Masses challenged it.** These clippings show that over a year before the New York "Herald Tribune" discovered that the "inflationary gap" theory was a dud, **NM** said as much—and that wasn't the first time. Now the Bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board confirms **NM's** economic insight. Just as we pioneered in exposing our homegrown fascists through John L. Spivak's articles which we began publishing ten years ago, so we have pioneered in the less spectacular but no less essential task of discovering the economic truths that help make our country strong and democratic. It gives you some measure of the service **New Masses** provides for its readers, the wide range of the initiative and leadership it has shown.

Do you want **New Masses** to continue its straight thinking and anti-fascist pioneering? Read **Between Ourselves** on page 2 to find out what **you** can do about it.

This Year The Herald Tribune Said—


That Inflation Gap
It is now admitted officially that the so-called inflation gap, the favorite bogy of professional alarmists among the economists for the last three years, is pretty much of a dud. This admission comes from no less an authority than the Federal Reserve Board. In the April issue of "The Federal Reserve Bulletin," the board's economists find that the gap (that is, the surplus of purchasing power over available supplies of goods and services) has not been active in bidding up prices. Instead, excess purchasing power has been going into taxes

(New York Herald Tribune, April 20, 1944)

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